

# Why A Denominational Building?

Because of Present Needs  
Future Heritage

## For What Use

To Properly House the Publishing House  
To Provide—

- Offices for Editor of the Sabbath Recorder
- Offices for the Memorial Board
- Office for the Corresponding Secretary
- Fireproof Vaults for Safeguarding our Valuable Records
- A Directors' Meeting Room
- A Denominational Library
- Historical Society Rooms

To Promote Denominational Loyalty

## Give It Thoughtful Consideration

You will see the need of it  
Then you will work for it—  
Pray for it—  
Pay for it

## Who Is Going to Do It?

Every Seventh Day Baptist Man, Woman and Child

# The Sabbath Recorder

## THE HONOR OF WORK

If work is ever to win its honor, it will be from out of the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, who saw in all the labor of men's hands and hearts the very symbol of the kingdom which he had come to establish. He was himself the ideal worker. He lived in the spirit of work, aware of the task set him, "to do the will of him that sent him"; conscious of the strain of the allotted limit—the twelve hours of the working day into which all the work must be crowded before the night fall in which no man can work; living ever among men as one that worketh; straining under the yoke as he felt the terrible pressure of his task; straitened until it was accomplished; consecrated to the work of glorifying the Father by doing the work which he gave him to do; yielding himself to death as soon as he could pronounce that work to have been done faithfully and say over it, "It is finished"; leading us on to that rest which remaineth—that Sabbath rest which comes after all the weariness of labor; the rest of those who are in peace because their works do follow them; the rest of God, who rested from all the works that he had made; a divine rest which is unintelligible except to those who work.

—Henry Scott Holland.

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# SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST DIRECTORY

## THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE

Next Session will be held at Battle Creek, Mich., August 19-24, 1919  
**President**—Rev. William L. Burdick, Alfred, N. Y.  
**Recording Secretary**—Prof. J. Nelson Norwood, Alfred, N. Y.  
**Corresponding Secretary**—Rev. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.  
**Treasurer**—Rev. William C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y.  
**Executive Committee**—Rev. William L. Burdick, Chairman, Alfred, N. Y.; Prof. J. Nelson Norwood, Rec. Sec., Alfred, N. Y.; Rev. Edwin Shaw, Cor. Sec., Plainfield, N. J.; Rev. Alva L. Davis, North Loup, Neb., (for 3 years); Mr. Wardner Davis, Salem, W. Va., (for 3 years); Dr. George E. Crosley, Milton, Wis., (for 2 years); Mr. Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J., (for 2 years); Rev. Henry N. Jordan, Battle Creek, Mich., (for 1 year); Mr. Ira B. Crandall, Westerly, R. I., (for 1 year). Also all living ex-presidents of the Conference and the presidents of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society, the American Sabbath Tract Society, and the Seventh Day Baptist Education Society.  
**COMMISSION OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE**  
 For one year—Rev. Wm. L. Burdick, F. J. Hubbard, Allen B. West.  
 For two years—Corliss F. Randolph, Rev. H. N. Jordan, M. Wardner Davis.  
 For three years—Rev. Alva L. Davis, J. Nelson Norwood, Ira B. Crandall.

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**BOARD OF DIRECTORS**  
**President**—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.  
**Recording Secretary**—A. L. Titsworth, Plainfield, N. J.  
**Assistant Recording Secretary**—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.  
**Corresponding Secretary**—Rev. Edwin Shaw, Plainfield, N. J.  
**Treasurer**—F. J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.  
 Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First-day of each month, at 2 p. m.

## THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY

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**Corresponding Secretary**—Prof. J. Nelson Norwood, Alfred, N. Y.  
**Recording Secretary**—Prof. Frank L. Greene, Alfred, N. Y.  
**Treasurer**—Prof. Paul E. Titsworth, Alfred, N. Y.  
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**Recording Secretary**—Miss Cora Clarke, Milton, Wis.  
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**Treasurer**—Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Milton, Wis.  
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**Southeastern**—Mrs. M. G. Stillman, Lost Creek, W. Va.  
**Central**—Mrs. Adelaide C. Brown, West Edmeston, N. Y.  
**Western**—Mrs. Earl P. Saunders, Alfred, N. Y.  
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**Northwestern**—Miss Phoebe S. Coon, Walworth, Wis.  
**Pacific Coast**—Mrs. N. O. Moore, Riverside, Cal.

## THE SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND

**President**—H. M. Maxson, Plainfield, N. J.  
**Vice-President**—William M. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J.  
**Secretary**—W. C. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.  
**Treasurer**—Joseph A. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.  
 Gifts for all Denominational Interests solicited. Prompt payment of all obligations requested.

## SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(INCORPORATED, 1916)  
**President**—Corliss F. Randolph, Newark, N. J.  
**Recording Secretary**—Asa F. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J.  
**Treasurer**—Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.  
**Advisory Committee**—William L. Burdick, Chairman.

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 Stated meetings are held on the third First Day of the week in the months of September, December and March, and on the first First Day of the week in the month of June in the Whitford Memorial Hall, of Milton College, Milton, Wis.

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**Secretary**—Allen B. West, Milton Junction, Wis.  
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**Trustee of United Society**—Rev. William L. Burdick, Alfred, N. Y.  
**Editor of Young People's Department of SABBATH RECORDER**—Rev. R. R. Thorngate, Salemville, Pa.  
**Junior Superintendent**—Mrs. W. D. Burdick, Dunellen, N. J.  
**Intermediate Superintendent**—Mrs. Cora R. Ogden, Salem, W. Va.  
**Field Secretaries**—Edna Burdick, Dunellen, N. J.; Zilla Thayer, Durhamville, N. Y.; Mabel Jordan, Nile, N. Y.; Miss Marjorie Burdick, Milton, Wis.; Miss Marcia Rood, North Loup, Neb.; Miss Frankie Lowther, Salem, W. Va.; Neva Scouten, Fouke, Ark.; Mary Brown, Riverside, Cal.

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**Chairman**—Frank J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.  
**Secretary**—Miss Miriam E. West, Milton Junction, Wis.  
**Paul E. Titsworth, Alfred, N. Y.; D. Nelson Inglis, Milton, Wis.; Orla A. Davis, Salem, W. Va.; George C. Tenney, Battle Creek, Mich.**

## THE TWENTIETH CENTURY ENDOWMENT FUND

Alfred, N. Y.  
 For the joint benefit of Salem and Milton Colleges and Alfred University.  
 The Seventh Day Baptist Education Society solicits gifts and bequests for these denominational colleges.

# The Sabbath Recorder

A Seventh Day Baptist Weekly Published by the American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

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PLAINFIELD, N. J., Nov. 25, 1918

WHOLE NO. 3,847

**B**ECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, and the shortage of help in the publication offices, all periodicals will frequently be late in reaching the subscriber. If your copy of the SABBATH RECORDER does not reach you the same time every week, please do not complain, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. Remember, we are all helping in some way to "win the war." Until transportation conditions are improved delays are unavoidable.

**Dr. F. F. Johnson** But few of our people in the North or East ever had opportunity to become acquainted with Rev. Frederick F. Johnson, of Stone Fort, Ill. In many ways Dr. Johnson was a remarkable man. He was pre-eminently a self-made man, and possessed in good measure those practical qualities and the splendid common sense that win admiration and respect.

About twenty-five years ago Dr. Johnson was delegate to the associations, and it was my pleasure to be his traveling companion for a few days. I shall always remember one day spent with him in Washington, D. C., and the few following days in the association at Plainfield, N. J. His friendliness and his practical way of looking at things made him a most congenial companion.

For some years he was missionary pastor in the Southwest and brought several converts to the Sabbath. For a time he was with Rev. John T. Davis in tent work. He embraced the Sabbath in 1870, and through his influence his mother, too, found the light and turned to the Bible Sabbath. His long life was well spent as school teacher, superintendent of schools, army surgeon, missionary, and physician. He will be greatly missed in the little home church at Stone Fort.

**Sunday Closing Law** More than a score of newspaper clippings, sent the RECORDER by a friend in Los Angeles, Cal., reveal the fierceness of the fight in that city over a proposed Sunday law upon which the people were called to vote on election day. We have no room in the RECORDER for all these articles, pro and con, but they show that the Sabbath-keepers of Los An-

gles had good help from people outside their ranks who have no sympathy with laws for the enforcement of Sabbath observance.

The usual effort to camouflage the main question by the "one day's rest in seven" plea did not succeed. Every one believes that laboring men should have opportunity to rest one day each week, but the vote in Los Angeles showed that a large majority there believe in allowing each one to choose his own day, so far as Sabbatizing is concerned. More than 24,000 majority should be allowed to settle the Sunday law question in that city for some time to come.

Wherever the Sunday law question is referred to the voters at large after a full presentation of both sides before election day, there is little danger of such a law's being passed. Legislatures, even when besieged by the National Reform Association, or the Lord's Day League, are becoming more and more reluctant to pass Sunday laws. The day has gone by, we trust, when oppressive laws on matters of religion can be enacted in free Christian America.

**Sherwood Eddy** People in Plainfield who had been reading G. Sherwood Eddy's serial in the *Christian Work*, "With Our Soldiers in France," were glad to learn that Mr. Eddy was to speak at a United War Work mass meeting in the high school auditorium. Our readers who attended General Conference in the auditorium last year will understand something of the interest manifested if they think of that large assembly room, galleries and all, being crowded with people to hear from one who had lived among our soldiers at the front and served in Y. M. C. A. huts and in hospitals for several months.

The object of the meeting was to aid in

raising the \$150,000 assigned as Plainfield's part in the United War Work Fund. Evidently Mr. Eddy's graphic description of conditions in France and Belgium, and his explanation that, more than ever now, our soldiers would need the help which our gifts were expected to furnish, had the desired effect, for a sum of several thousand dollars was soon pledged after he had spoken.

Accompanying Mr. Eddy was a quartet of singers from the police department of New York City, who sang war songs familiar to the boys in the army. The Liberty Band of Plainfield began the exercises with the Marseillaise, followed by "Keep the Home Fires Burning." The great congregation arose and joined in singing the chorus of the latter hymn. Before the praise service was over, I realized as never before something of the power of song in army camp and on battle field.

Soldiers from the front were present, two of whom made brief addresses. They told of the enthusiasm among the boys over there when they came to realize fully what the war really meant and that the German program included the subjugation of their own beloved America. A man who was with the army in its darkest time spoke of the anxious days of last spring when it looked as though the Huns would surely reach Paris. In the French capital people were ready for flight, notice had been given to move at a moment's warning, and grips and baggage were ready to send away. Then news came that the Americans were going into the fight and, immediately, confidence was restored.

The utter rout of the enemy began on the day when Pershing's army rushed into the heat of battle. Sixty per cent of some divisions were left on the field in dead or wounded. Their guns piled up German dead so high before them that batteries had to be moved back in order to be used further. Masses of Hun troops, crowding upon each other, rushed in desperation against our army, only to be annihilated as fast as they came on. The Americans on starting for the conflict that day had been told that if the Germans broke through the line, Paris would be doomed, and the boys had answered, "They shall never break through"; and they never did.

The soldiers said it was a good deal

easier for them to go over the top when assured that the people at home were behind them with war loans and gifts to supply the sinews of war. It was also shown that the help of this War Work Fund would be needed now more than in time of active war. Hundreds of thousands now would have to do little but wait and kill time. Many would have leave of absence. Temptations would multiply; and entertainment, reading matter, games, and schooling must be supplied if the boys were to be safeguarded and sent home clean and pure.

Mr. Eddy's graphic description of devastated territory 400 miles long and 60 miles wide, with nearly every tree and home and public building destroyed, gave some idea of the price paid for freedom by suffering France. In Flanders fields the landscape is whitened with 400,000 crosses marking the graves in which sleep some of the best young blood of England. Near Chateau Thierry another cemetery holds 300,000 graves of the sons of France. But this is only a fraction of the price that country has paid, for 2,000,000 of her boys are either dead or crippled. In the face of such disasters the women of France are brave, and say they will fight on, if need be, even if the men perish.

**Keep Watch of  
The Back Cover** In the last RECORDER, Treasurer Frank J. Hubbard, who has charge of the "ads" on that page, asks and answers some important questions regarding the proposed Denominational Building.

The fund for the new building is growing, but not so fast as it should, and not so fast as it will when every loyal Seventh Day Baptist has given "thoughtful consideration" to the matter and begins to work and pray for its success.

**A Great Time in Which  
To Be Living** A friend in Wisconsin in a brief personal letter writes:

Oh, what a rejoicing we have had! It is not very easy to readjust ourselves to the new conditions, and be as thankful as we ought to be that the war is ended. It is a great time in which to be living. There is a great responsibility resting on the shoulders of those whose work it is to reorganize the fragments left by war. They need wonderful wisdom to guide them. May the Lord give them the wisdom they need.

All over this land people are looking with anxiety to the coming peace parley, which will largely determine the destinies of several nations and settle the question of permanent peace. We are indeed living in a great time. Elements are at work which portend unprecedented events and much depends upon the tact with which these elements are handled. No greater calamity could befall the world than to have some of the contending factions of Europe gain control of affairs. Cool heads and Spirit-guided hearts are needed, if we are to come out of the strife with the world a safe place in which to live.

We have had two great days of rejoicing over prospective peace. One of these was the result of a false report regarding the signing of the armistice, while the other was the real thing—for everybody knew that the President had given the word.

In these two events we had a practical illustration of the irresistible force of pent-up public sentiment when great masses of people break loose in spontaneous expression of feelings. On the first of these wonderful days, even after the multitudes knew that the armistice had not been signed and that a false statement had given rise to the demonstration, nothing could check the movement. Their wild enthusiasm carried the people far into the night, still giving expression to their unbounded joy. Then some days later came the real thing, and the uprising was wonderful.

In both cases the enthusiasm that stirred the people to such untold demonstrations was of the right kind. The principle of human weal stirred the multitudes to a movement that no man could check until public feelings had fully spent themselves. But what if great bodies of men—whole communities of people—should be moved by a common impulse to an uprising in favor of evil conditions and should give themselves up to wild demonstrations under the red flag or for some form of anarchism! What could check them? Nothing whatever before untold damage had been done.

All over Europe great uprisings are threatened, and in America we are not entirely free from danger due to some such things. If ever the law-abiding lovers of

democracy needed divine wisdom, they need it today; for when the great peace council meets, it must face a Europe filled with factions in which the accumulated feelings of large masses of people—feelings pent up under the stress of war, deeply embittered by years of misrule, and moved to action by the opportunity now offered through the armistice—are all ready to burst into open rebellion at the least provocation.

One serious mistake—lack of proper tact, failure to recognize the equal claims of all, any departure from the principles of justice—may plunge the world into a state of anarchy from which it may cost millions of money and thousands of lives to liberate it. Indeed, the Christian peoples of the world need to keep level heads and to pray for divine guidance if their hopes for permanent peace are to be realized.

**"I Am Wondering"** A friend, in writing of our young people and the SABBATH RECORDER, says:

"I fear that our young people are not so much in the habit of reading it as they ought to be. When writing what I would like to have them read, I am wondering how many of them will ever see it. . . . I presume that you, too, wonder."

Yes, every loyal one who sends a message to our people, young or old, does so in the hope that it will be read and that it will be helpful. The writer mentioned above, and the editor as to that matter, are not the only ones who desire to help the young people by what they write. No doubt there are many parents who are wondering what will be the future attitude of their own young people toward the denomination, who in their hearts are longing to see them interested in the cause their fathers loved, and are glad when the children look with interest for the coming of the RECORDER. But we fear that too many others are not caring whether the young people are interested or not.

Last month we were compelled by the rules of the Government to drop the names of forty-two persons from the subscription list, who, after repeated notice, failed to renew!

Are you caring whether our denominational paper succeeds or not? After all our pleas for loyalty, after many notices of RECORDERS being discontinued and many

efforts to secure a drive for subscriptions, in how many churches has the matter been taken up and pushed? Is there any remedy? Are you caring? What is to be the future of young people in homes where fathers and mothers are disloyal to their denominational paper?

**"Food Will Win The World"** The slogan with which we have been so familiar for several months has been changed from "Food Will Win the War," to "Food Will Win the World." A message from Washington tells us that after the war is over 180,000,000 people in the misery of famine, in seven nations of Europe, *outside of Germany*, will look to America for food which no other nation can give them.

Our country now has the opportunity to show that where Germany sought to terrify the nations, America seeks only their good will and aims to save them. There is no surer way to good will between nations, and to just and lasting peace, than through the ministries of love by which we share our substance with those whose needs are greater than ours. The slogan, "Food Will Win the World," has a kinder, broader meaning than the old one had; and America will respond nobly to the world's call for bread.

**Rev. Lester C. Randolph Passes Away** The entire denomination will be shocked at the sad news that Rev. Lester C. Randolph passed away on November 21, at his home in Milton, Wis. The telegram gave no particulars. Every heart in all the churches will go out in sympathy to his bereaved wife and children, and to the church left pastorless.

### A SCRIPTURE READING

When the superb and incomparable crisis comes, the day of days, and all hearts are too full, nothing can express the upspringing emotions so well as the sonorous and stately words of the Bible.

#### TO GERMANY

Wherefore hear the word of the Lord, ye scornful men. Because you have said, We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement; we have

made lies our refuge, and under falsehood controlling place in the lives of people than saith the Lord God, Behold, judgment will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place. And your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then shall you be trodden down by it (Isaiah).

#### TO RUSSIA

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap (Galatians).

#### TO BELGIUM, SERBIA, AND ARMENIA

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me: because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn. And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities. For I the Lord love judgment, I hate robbery for burnt offering (Isaiah).

#### TO FRANCE

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and great darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders. The sun shall no more be thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended (Isaiah).

#### TO GREAT BRITAIN, ITALY, AND AMERICA

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth. And I saw the holy city coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I

heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and they shall be his people, and he shall be their God. God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, for the former things have passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son (Revelation).

#### TO ALL THE WORLD

And seeing the multitude, Jesus went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God (Matthew).

#### DOXOLOGY

And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunder, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth (Revelation).—*Dr. Frank Crane, in The Globe.*

### MISSIONARY AND TRACT SOCIETY NOTES

#### SECRETARY EDWIN SHAW

There is peril of a great slump in these days following the sudden coming of peace. For over four years and three months we have been on a terrific strain, with nerves at high tension. The ordinary affairs of life have received but little attention; even what would be considered great calamities in times of peace have been relegated to the obscure columns of the newspapers, and were hardly noticed.

Our ideals of manhood and character were never higher than they were the day the armistice was signed. From the beginning of the war up to the very last day of the fighting there had been an upward course, higher and higher, in our views of justice and honesty and fairness and righteousness. To serve one's fellow-men selfishly was the desire that held a more

controlling place in the lives of people that it had ever held before.

The peril is in the reaction that must come with the relaxation of the strain of war. Unless other avenues of doing service for humanity are at once opened that make a strong appeal to the heroic, that require courage and bravery and sacrifice, then there is peril of a great slump in the realm of ethics and religion as they are applied to the social and industrial relations and conditions of the world.

This great war has been a contest of antagonistic principles. This we shall see more clearly as time advances, and the struggle recedes to a distance that permits perspective. In a conversation the other day with the president of the Tract Society he called my attention to a situation that perhaps some of us have not fully appreciated. He said that two systems, or philosophies, of education were involved in the struggle, and that, unless changes were made, the German system would yet prevail. In fact he said that our educational system here in America had already become largely Germanized in the last fifteen years.

What did he mean? He meant that in the war the Germans stood for the practical in education, the scientific, as over against the classical. In other words, an education which has as its end and purpose the preparation of a man to earn a large salary is German; while an education that strives to fit a man to live well and be happy is represented by the Allies. Only a few days after our conversation I saw in the *Outlook* an article called "A Classic Instance," which presented the same idea in the form of a dialogue. This article in style and matter is itself classical and deserves a large reading.

Here are a few paragraphs, but the article should be read as a whole. "Far be it from me to deny the value of the patient and laborious researches of the Germans in the grammar and syntax of the ancient languages and in archeology. They are painstaking to a painful degree. They gather facts as bees gather pollen, indefatigably. But when it comes to making honey they go dry. They can not interpret,

they can only instruct. They do not comprehend, they only classify.

The question is asked, "I should like very much to hear in what possible way you connect the misconduct of the Germans, which I admit, with your idea of the present value of classical study, which I question?" The answer is, "In this way. Germany has been living for fifty years with a closed mind. Oh, I grant you it was an active mind, scientific, laborious, immensely patient. But it was an ingrowing mind. Sure of its own superiority, it took no counsel with antiquity and scorned the advice of its neighbors. It was intent on producing something new and all its own—a purely German *Kultur*, independent of the past, and irresponsible to any laws except those of Germany's interests and needs. Hence it fell into bad habits of thought and feeling, got into trouble, and brought infinite trouble upon the world."

An interruption is made to ask the question, "And do you claim that this would have been prevented by reading the classics? Would that have been the only and efficient cure for Germany's disease? Rather a large claim that!" The reply is, "Much too large. I did not make it. In the first place, it may be that Germany's trouble had gone beyond any cure but the knife. In the second place, I regard the intelligent reading of the Bible and the vital apprehension of the real spirit of Christianity as the best of all cures for mental and moral ills. All I claim for the classics—the greatest of the Greek and Roman writers—is that they have in them a certain remedial and sanitary quality. They contain noble thoughts in noble forms. They show the strength of self-restraint. They breathe the air of clearness and candor. They set forth ideals of character and conduct that are elevating."

There are three persons in the discussion, the friend of the classic, a modern practical man, and a young fellow who listens with interest, and who later goes to war. A letter written from the battle field just before the death of the soldier closes the article and clinches the argument in favor of the classics. It makes good reading. I should

like to print it in a little booklet and send it broadcast among students of high schools and junior colleges. I would if I had the means.

**OVER THE TOP BY THANKSGIVING WITH MINISTERIAL RELIEF FUND—WHY NOT?**

ANGELINE ABBEY

We have been surprised at the astonishing amount of money our country has raised for the war, and at the rapidity with which it was done. Now why not as Seventh Day Baptists surprise the retired ministers and astonish ourselves and the world's people by raising a large amount of money for this most worthy object of providing for these soldiers of the Cross who are most deserving? Why not do it quickly? The secret of the success of the enormous amount of war funds was that every one who could not give much, gave a little.

A family of lone Sabbath-keepers in western Nebraska went to Nortonville this year to the Conference. After the Conference the two older children were baptized, since which time they have been faithfully and regularly reading the Bible and tithing. A few days ago the little girl sent her tithe of \$5.00 to the Tract Society. The mother wrote: "The children tithe all they earn. They have been working in the beet field. . . . We hope to send \$10.00 to the Ministerial Relief Fund soon." Here is consecration,—out and out, well-rounded Christians.

Why drag along for years feeling that we ought to raise this fund, giving occasionally a small amount? Why not arise and make this fund large enough to really be of help to the retired ministers?

Why not show our gratitude to God for his manifold blessings by a thank offering at this time for this purpose? Let every one, rich or poor, large or small, resident or isolated Sabbath-keeper, give at least one day's income or wages (as much more as you can). If you have no stated income, or are not working for wages, estimate your income, or give the amount your work or time is worth at the prices prevailing in your vicinity.

Let us be slackers no longer, but do our duty by these noble men who wrought so faithfully in times past.

**MISSIONS**

**MONTHLY STATEMENT**

S. H. Davis  
In account with  
The Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society  
Dr.

Bal. on hand October 1, 1918	\$1,586 22
Plainfield S. S.	10 26
Farina Church	33 70
T. A. Saunders	5 00
Lost Creek Church	23 40
Plainfield Church	16 94
Second Alfred Church	22 76
Farnam Church	15 00
Received from S. H. Davis, temporary loan	250 00
Cartwright Church	10 00
Cartwright Church, S. W. field	1 00
Utica, Wis.	13 74
Mr. and Mrs. Timon Swensen, L.S.K.	50 00
Mr. and Mrs. Timon Swensen, Mr. Spencer's Bldg. Fund	10 00
Mrs. Sanders	8 00
Stella Lannin	5 00
Collection at Morales, Tex.	4 11
Mrs. A. J. Williams	10 00
D. S. Allen	20 00
A. J. Williams	5 00
Refund on H. E. Davis ins.	1 92
Mrs. A. P. Hamilton	5 00
Return check sent M. C. Pennell	50 00
Memorial Bd., D. C. Burdick Bequest	57 25
Memorial Bd., H. W. Stillman Bequest	50 67
Dr. S. C. Maxson	5 00
Independence Church	17 58
Syracuse Church	1 00
L. E. Maxson, L.S.K.	5 00
Mrs. Mary E. Tomlinson, China field	50 00
Waterford Church	14 00
Little Genesee Church	9 33
Adams Center Church	12 50
Milton Junction Church	59 13
Milton Church	15 00
Plainfield Church	7 35
Permanent Funds	475 00
	<b>\$2,935 86</b>

Cr.

Joseph Herzberg and Son, acct. H. E. Davis	28 88
Rev. Murell C. Pennell, sal., July-Sept	50 00
Rev. Luther A. Wing, sal. for Sept.	37 50
Mrs. Jennie Carpenter, Cartwright Ch.	25 00
Grace I. Crandall, Sept. sal.	33 33
Mrs. Jay W. Crofoot, Oct. sal.	50 00
Charles W. Thorngate, July-Sept. sal.	25 00
Rev. T. L. M. Spencer, Oct. sal.	50 00
Rev. T. J. Van Horn, Sept. sal.	41 66
Rev. Wm. D. Tickner, July-Sept. sal.	25 00
Rev. S. S. Powell, July-Sept. sal.	69 90
Joseph A. Hubbard, Holland approp.	150 00
James M. Pope, Hartville Church, July-Sept.	25 00
Rev. J. J. Kovats, Hungarian Mission	20 00
Jesse G. Burdick, Italian Mission	29 16
Marie Jansz, part Oct.-Dec. sal.	20 20
Rev. George W. Hills, Sept. sal.	58 33
Mrs. Angeline Abbey, July-Sept., New Auburn Church	25 00
Rev. G. H. F. Randolph, July-Sept. sal.	25 00
Rev. R. R. Thorngate, July-Sept. sal.	25 00
Dr. E. S. Maxson, July-Sept. sal. Rev. Clayton	50 00
Rev. Leon D. Burdick, July-Sept. sal.	25 00
Anna M. West, Sept. sal.	33 33
Rev. Edwin Shaw, Sept. sal., trav. exp. rent	70 52
H. E. Davis, part sal.	121 12
Do. child's allowance	18 75
S. M. Burdick, on sal.	140 00
R. W. Palmborg, sal.	150 00
B. B. Sinclair, sal.	150 00
Girls' School, allowance	75 00
S. D. B. M., incidental and Evangelist	125 00
J. W. Crofoot, sal.	100 00

Extra for exchange	452 23
Grace I. Crandall, on trav. exp. to China	100 00
Mrs. Jay W. Crofoot, on trav. exp. to China	50 00
Dorothy P. Hubbard, half sal. for Oct.	24 50
Returned to S. H. Davis, temporary loan	250 00
Treasurer's expenses	20 00

Bal. on hand November 1, 1918	\$2,769 41
	166 45
	<b>\$2,935 86</b>
Bills payable in November, about	\$ 700 00
Notes outstanding November 1, 1918	\$2,000 00

S. H. DAVIS,  
Treasurer.

E. & O. E.

**MESSAGE TO LONE SABBATH KEEPERS**

New Auburn, Minn.,  
Nov, 1918.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND:

At the late General Conference at Nortonville, Kas., I was elected the general secretary of the Lone Sabbath Keepers' Association, and Timon Swensen, of Viborg, S. D., the assistant secretary.

Though I can not hope to fill the place of Brother Cottrell, who has so faithfully carried the burden of the work for the past six years, and who has been very efficient, yet when "I am weak, then am I strong," and I believe that if we trust, and obey, and forge ahead, where the Spirit leads, we shall accomplish much for our Lord this coming year.

We have a great Captain to follow, and we have a great truth to give to those who have it not; so let us be up and doing while it is day, for "the night cometh when no man can work."

First. Let us all be evangelists, living and teaching of Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world, and of the commandments of God, emphasizing—as we shall frequently be call to do, because it is the most neglected—the fourth, the command to keep holy the Sabbath Day. This is vital to all religious life. The man or woman who fails to keep holy the Sabbath, who does not feed his soul upon this day, becomes starved spiritually, and soon loses his joy, because his faith is well-nigh gone and he becomes lost—away from God.

The day which men have tried to substitute for the true Sabbath of Jehovah is only an imitation and a fraud, and having no Scriptural foundation, can not appeal to the conscience as the Sabbath, ordained of God, can.

The keeping of Sunday never brings the blessing which the right observance of the Sabbath of the Lord does. This is the verdict of many former Sunday-keepers who now keep the Sabbath.

You and I, dear Lone Sabbath Keeper, have a duty to help men and women to see this wherever we have an opportunity. Let us "brighten the corner where we are" with the light of God's love and truth. While doing this we shall grow in grace and knowledge of him; while being a blessing we shall be blessed.

Second. We are asked to raise \$500.00 for the Missionary Society, and \$500.00 for the Tract Society this Conference year. I believe we shall raise more than this as we have in past years. Last year more than twice this amount was raised by L. S. K's. Our schools need help, especially Milton and Salem. The Historical Society and the Sabbath School Board need funds. Then there is the Denominational Building, the fund for which is growing. Some are giving Liberty Bonds for this, and for Millions's Twentieth Century Endowment Fund. When sending money for any of these causes, please always be sure and add "L. S. K." to your name, that the amount may be credited to the Lone Sabbath Keepers' apportionment.

The treasurers of the various boards are: Missionary, S. H. Davis, Westerly, R. I.; Tract, F. J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.; treasurer of the Education Society (who will receive gifts for the 20th Century Endowment Fund for Milton, Salem or Alfred), Professor Paul E. Titsworth, Alfred, N. Y.; Seventh Day Baptist Historical Society, treasurer, F. J. Hubbard, Plainfield, N. J.; Sabbath School Board, treasurer, W. H. Greenman, Milton Junction, Wis.; Woman's Board, treasurer, Mrs. A. E. Whitford, Milton, Wis.

Many Seventh Day Baptists are tithers, and I hope all will be before long. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it" (Mal. 3: 10). While we must be loyal to our country, and loan, and give liberally to help win this war, yet we must not neglect God's cause, the church and

missions. The souls of men are more precious than their bodies; so let us deny ourselves more that they may be saved.

Third. Perhaps this should be first on the list, as this is the first activity I wish us to take up. There are a number of aged ministers who have given the best of their lives, who have received, during the many years of their faithful service, only enough to supply the bare necessities from day to day, who are deserving, and who should be honored with our gifts, that they may at least be comfortable.

It isn't much to do (and should not every one be ashamed not to do it?) to pay one day's wages or income into the Ministerial Relief Fund at this Thanksgiving time. Shall we not, each and every one, give this amount as a thank offering for God's bountiful care for us in years gone by and at the present time?

Fourth. I know you are hungry to see a Seventh Day Baptist, and to hear a Seventh Day Baptist minister preach. There was a plan suggested at Conference which seemed to meet with approval by L. S. K's present, that there be two or more rallying points in each State for a yearly or semi-annual meeting of L. S. K's; that a minister or missionary go there and hold special meetings for a few days, visiting and resident L. S. K's assisting. The meetings should be evangelistic, and one or more Sabbath sermons or Bible readings should be given, and evangelical and Sabbath tracts should be distributed.

Many might be brought to Christ and his Sabbath in this way who have not been reached before. The Lone Sabbath Keepers engaging in this work will be real missionaries, and will have their love strengthened, their faith increased and their courage renewed.

To meet the expense of the visiting minister, each Lone Sabbath Keeper might pay a dollar, and pay his own expenses or go via automobile. In some States there are but few Lone Sabbath Keepers whose addresses we have, and the expense of the missionary would be greater than the amount paid in this way in that State. In other States a dollar each would more than pay the expense. In Wisconsin for instance, there are about seventy-five L. S. K's whose addresses we have. It would not cost \$75.00 for the nearest Seventh

Day Baptist minister to visit two remote points in this State, so it would average up.

I hope you have the SABBATH RECORDER. Every Seventh Day Baptist should take it for three reasons: You need it, your family or friends need it, and the RECORDER needs the two dollars to help make it self-supporting. If you do not now have the RECORDER, and would like a second-hand copy, or if you take the paper, and do not care to keep it after reading, and are willing to send it to some one who does not take it, let me know please, and I will try to help in either case.

Please write to me as to what you think of the plans set forth in this letter, and about your problems and perplexities. I was a Lone Sabbath Keeper for eleven years, and know something of the trials, the temptations and the loneliness; and also of the opportunities for, and joy of, service for the King of kings, and Lord of lords.

May the heavenly Father bless and keep and prosper you as seems good unto him.

Let us pray often, one for another.

Yours in Christ,

ANGELINE ABBEY.

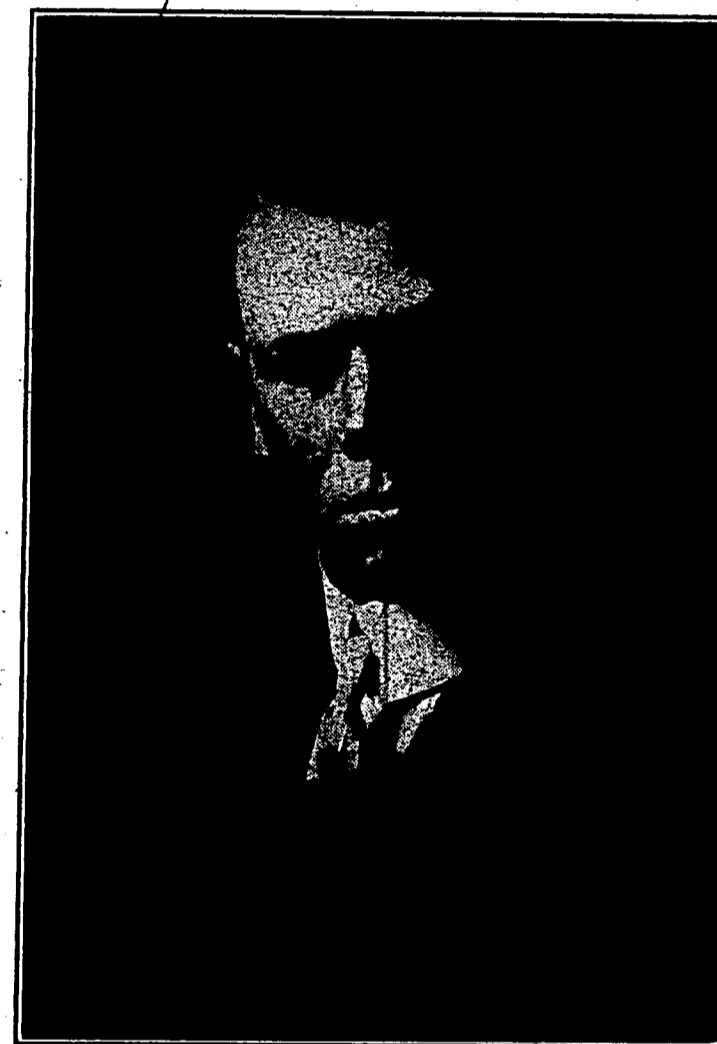
New Auburn, Minn.,  
November, 1918.

### CLAUDE CURTIS COON

Another golden star is added to our denominational service flag by the death of Brother Claude Curtis Coon, at Camp Grant, Illinois.

When Claude was about fourteen years old, he moved with his parents to New Auburn, Wis. On April 30, 1910, he was baptized by Elder James Hurley and joined the Cartwright Seventh Day Baptist Church at New Auburn, Wis. He was a very pleasant, faithful and conscientious Christian young man who willingly performed the duties devolving upon him and exerted a strong Christian influence upon those with whom he associated. For some time he was a teacher of a boys' class in Sabbath school and was very successful with them. He gave the class up only because he was contemplating attending school at Milton, Wis. He was elected superintendent of the Sabbath school on October 1, 1917, and held that office until July 22, 1918, when he answered his country's call and went

to Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill. Last April he was appointed assistant scout master of the Boy Scouts at Pine Grove and held that appointment until his death. While at camp he was a member of the Ironside Bible Class. Letters received from Camp Grant after his death from representatives of the Red Cross and War Camp activities testify to his clean life and strong Christian faith. He had a multitude of friends who both loved and respected him for his ge-



nial personality and Christian character. He is survived by three sisters: Mrs. Henry Babcock, of Milton, Luella and Martha Coon.

Brief funeral services, conducted by his pastor, Herbert L. Cottrell, were held Sabbath afternoon, November 9, 1918, outdoors by the church and interment was made in the New Auburn Rural Cemetery.

The Home Guards from Chippewa Falls were expected to be present but owing to unavoidable accidents they were detained. When they arrived later, they went to the cemetery and gave the bugle call, fired three volleys and sounded taps over the grave of the departed soldier.

H. L. C.

"Heaven is blest with perfect rest,  
But the blessing of earth is toil."

## WOMAN'S WORK

MRS. GEORGE E. CROSLY, MILTON, WIS.  
Contributing Editor

### A REGULAR MOTHER

There is plenty of sentiment about motherhood—but little romance.

Essayists and editors who write about motherhood with a capital M and a tremolo tone grandly call it a "profession."

Actual mothers know it is a job.

There are picture mothers—attired in lacy negligees and bending tenderly above pink babies in silk-lined baskets.

Or poem mothers with silver hair gracefully disposed under white caps, sitting, Testament in hand, by cheerful firesides or windows flooded with sunset.

Or popular song mothers whose whole business is to be "waiting day by day" for some ungrateful son who is invariably repentant and invariably "far away."

But what is a "regular" mother?

A regular mother is the capable lady who sends John off to the army, and Mary off to her typewriter, and father down to the shop, and little Bill away to Sixth Grade, A—and generally makes the world go round and stay in its tracks.

A regular mother hasn't any time to "look the part." No silk negligees, or white caps, or waiting day by day for her!

Generally the regular mother's hair isn't silver white at all. It's that pepper and salt mixture of brown and white that signifies strength, common sense—and "the best wearing qualities." Nor is it smooth and soft—it's usually a little rumped by the rush to "get the family off to work" or "get dinner on the table."

Nor are the regular mother's eyes "dim with tears" or "soft with memories!" Please tell us what the regular mother's eyes would do with tears and memories when she's got to see everything from the hole in Bill's stocking to that new blush Mary wears when Jim calls up to make a date!

And when it comes to dress there's mighty little silk and lace about a regular mother.

She's satisfied with a clean white shirt-waist with its crocheted edge on the collar (to save the cost of lace), with a fresh apron over her "durable" serge skirt, and for jewels, only her scratched wedding ring, and the little gold brooch grandma gave her. But she *always looks beautiful*—that regular mother!

So if the sentimental "Mother" of the cheap picture and the poem and the popular song brings the quick tears to our eyes—it's only because we have had a *regular* mother—and know her as a thousand times more wonderful than these!—*Author unknown.*

I borrowed this from a "regular" mother, whose son (in the service of our country) had sent it to her as he had cut it from a newspaper, and penciled on the margin, "I like this." So did that mother and so do I and so will you. That's the reason that I am sending it in for publication without the knowledge of the owner.

### FROM THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF MRS. LUCY CLARKE CARPENTER

Prepared at the request of the Woman's Board,  
by Mrs. Adelaide Brown, of Brookfield, N. Y.

#### CHAPTER VII

Milton to Shanghai, February 17 to May 5, 1873

A meeting was held in the church at Milton the evening of February 17, 1873, "for the purpose of expressing feelings in regard to Brother and Sister Carpenter leaving us, and the work they are about to enter on again." Brother L. C. Rogers, the pastor of the church, spoke feelingly of the relations of Brother and Sister Carpenter to the church, of their connection with the China Mission, of their sacrifices and labors in its behalf, of their relations to the denomination as its missionaries and the obligations of the whole denomination to the mission. Brother W. C. Whitford spoke of their relation to the Sabbath school where their "experience in teaching, their large culture, their self-sacrificing life, their earnest devotion to Christ, the fullest sympathy with our people, their extensive knowledge of the Scriptures, their skill and energy, have effected great good." Brother Carpenter, being called on for some remarks, spoke briefly of the establishment of our China Mission and of some of the

evident manifestations of divine providence in its behalf. He portrayed the Christian character, and triumphant death of their first convert, Lee Chang, to whose influence, in part at least, under God, we are to attribute the conversion of his wife, son, two daughters and a son-in-law. His son is an elder in the church, about entering into the employment of our Missionary Board, to labor for the salvation of his countrymen. Brother Carpenter closed with an appeal for prayers for the blessing of God to rest upon their labors.

Sister Carpenter being invited forward said she felt thankful for this opportunity of meeting so many friends, and for the kind words which had been spoken of them,—that if they had not done all that was said of them they would have been glad to do it. She said:

Perhaps some of you think it strange that we, who have twice been to China and returned, should wish to go the third time, when you see our heads are growing gray, and remember what invalids you have seen us, though not of late. Do you wonder what I can do in China? Well, I will tell you. I hope and expect to do just what I did before. While I do not claim to be a missionary, but only a missionary's wife, still there is work for me. First, housekeeping, to keep things generally; second, to visit among the women and to try to do them good; third, to teach the flock of little ones who have come up since our departure, to read the blessed Bible. The book language of China is not the language of the common people. So missionaries invented a phonetic character, in which books for them were printed, and which is easily learned. Parents like to have their sons educated, but the girls are an exception. They say, "She can earn ten cash a day picking cotton." "Very well," says the missionary, "let her come to me and I will give her ten cash a day." But this supposes that these missionaries had schools. But our mission had no organized school, so I told them, "If you will come to me, I will teach you and as soon as you can read the Bible fluently, I will give you a dollar." . . . Many are the letters which they have written me since my return home, in this character. How many of you children of this Sabbath school have done better than that? Now I hope you will remember these children. Think about them, and when you grow older, perhaps some of you will feel interest enough in them to "come over and help us" to teach them. Most sincerely do I hope so.

Brother James Bailey responded to Brother and Sister Carpenter, a resolution was offered, an appropriate hymn was sung, and the meeting was closed.

The story of Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter's

third trip to China and their arrival in Shanghai, we give in Mrs. Carpenter's own words.

We left our dear Milton home, and dearer Milton friends, Wednesday the 26th of February [1873]. Spent two delightful days with dear relatives in Milwaukee. We arrived at Chicago, Friday, February 28, and again rare privileges were ours, of friendship, of religious meetings, of whole-souled hospitality. . . . We left Francisco April first, on the steamship Alaska. . . . We kept on deck, to see, as long as possible, the shores of our native land, now receding from our view. . . . We could not ask to be more quiet or comfortable. There are eight missionaries among us, all returning to their former field except two. Rev. Dr. Yates, of Shanghai, is with us. He arrived in Shanghai only a few weeks later than ourselves, in 1847, and is consequently an old friend of many years' standing. We have also another Shanghai missionary, a former acquaintance.

April 24. We are fast nearing the end of our voyage. Two or three days more and we expect to see Japan.

Sunday evening, April 27. On board the Oregonian to sail tomorrow noon for Shanghai. We are in excellent health and spirits, and feel that we only need the blessing of Him who we believe has sent us, this third time, to these ends of the earth, and our labor will not be in vain. We have faith in prayer, so our request to those who love us and the work to which we have set our hands, is, "Pray for us."

May 5. At noon, we called at the lightship, forty miles from Shanghai, and took on a pilot. And now we begin to see on either hand, the low, green, level shores, and we know this must be China. . . . The great ship's whistle screeches at the little boats to get out of our path; and now, softly, but surely we are nearing Shanghai. . . . The pilot's bell rings out the necessary cautions, the great walking beam overhead seems weary, it vibrates slower and slower, the wheels splash fitfully in the water; the great beam ceases to vibrate, the ship's gun booms heavily its signal of arrival, the anchor drops, we are at rest, "in the haven where we would be," our home, Shanghai.

May 11. It seems like a dream that we have been gone nine years. The old familiar faces seem so little changed, and all say the same of us. Our home is very beautiful now. The trees mark the time better than ourselves. The little shrubs of nine years since are now "tall trees and goodly." A palmetto, which Brother Wardner planted, has grown to be a noble palm, shading our roof at noonday. Grapevines are climbing along our veranda wall, and rosebushes in full bloom are creeping over the bamboo fence, which is lined with flowering shrubs and semi-tropical plants. But all this is nothing to the dear plants of the Lord, which have been flourishing in the courts of our God, ever since we left. They are fresh and fair. Every evening we come together, as in days past, for prayer and praise. How we wished you could hear them that first evening! It would have paid for all it has cost.

**MINUTES OF WOMAN'S BOARD MEETING**

The Woman's Executive Board met at the home of Mrs. J. H. Babcock November 11, 1918. Members present were Mrs. W. C. Daland, Mrs. A. R. Crandall, Mrs. O. U. Whitford, Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Mrs. A. E. Whitford and Mrs. G. E. Crosley. Visitors, Dr. Grace Crandall and Mrs. L. A. Platts.

In the absence of the President, Mrs. West, Mrs. Daland called the meeting to order and read Isaiah 2: 1-5 and offered prayer. Miss Clarke, the Secretary, being absent, Mrs. Crosley was appointed Secretary pro tem.

Minutes of the October meeting were read.

The Treasurer's report was read and adopted. Receipts, \$185.71. Disbursements, \$10.00.

The Corresponding Secretary reported correspondence from Mrs. Abbey and from the Committee of Reference and Council and read a letter from Mrs. W. L. Greene, of Independence, N. Y., accepting the appointment of Secretary for the Western Association.

Voted that the Corresponding Secretary be authorized to order the necessary stationery for the use of the Board.

Mrs. Babcock presented the following resolution which was adopted and ordered incorporated in the minutes.

In view of the great sorrow that has come to our dear sister, the beloved President of the Woman's Board, Mrs. A. B. West, in the death of her son Carroll, who gave his life in the service of the United States Army overseas,

*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Woman's Board, endeavor to express in this way, inadequate as it seems, to her and her family our heartfelt and loving sympathy in this hour of their bereavement.

There is scarcely need for us to speak here of the inconceivable loss that has come to the Seventh Day Baptist cause in the going out of this brave young life, for Carroll was so strong and reliable in all that stood for the advancement of right and truth that old and young alike will feel the loss. He died in the cause of freedom, and righteousness, exemplifying the words of Jesus Christ, whom he served, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Dr. Crandall spoke, telling of her plans for returning to her work in China, of the clinical work she has been doing during her vacation in this country, preparing herself for even greater usefulness upon her

return to China. She answered many questions and this informal meeting was much enjoyed. The members of the Board feel that they have been fortunate indeed in having had Dr. Crandall with them at a number of their meetings during the past year.

Minutes of the meeting were read and approved.

Adjourned to meet with Mrs. A. R. Crandall, December 2.

MRS. W. C. DALAND,  
*President pro tem.*  
NANNIE B. CROSLY,  
*Secretary pro tem.*

**CARROLL B. WEST**

Another of our bravest and best boys has laid down his life in the service of humanity. A telegram from the officials at Washington on the evening of November 1 states that "Carroll B. West died October second of wounds received in action."

The news brings sorrow to the entire community, and to other communities, where he was known. "Cal," as he was familiarly known, was a young man of wide acquaintance and was universally loved and respected, not alone by those of his own denomination but by those of others, for he was prominent in county Y. M. C. A. circles, being a leader of boys' groups and a favorite speaker at conventions and rallies.

He was born at Lake Mills, Wis., April 28, 1895, and was the youngest son of Allen B. and Hattie E. West. His grandfather, Deacon William B. West, and his wife, Isaphene Burdick West, were pioneers in the old Utica (Wis.) Church. His other grandfather, Robert Williams Brown, was also a loyal member of the same church.

He entered school at the age of seven, and at the age of twelve had completed the grades, the 8th grade work being done at Milton Junction where his people located in 1906. He graduated from the Milton Junction High School in 1911.

Being anxious to take his course in college and so far as possible earn his own way, he spent a year in Battle Creek, Mich., where he worked in the Sanitarium, and entered Milton College in the fall of 1912, and four years later graduated from that institution.

Carroll was not a boy with a single idea. He had a wide range of interests and touched life at many points. He took an active part in church, college and community service. In fact the keynote of his life was *service* and he never declined to help where occasion offered. In college he became prominent in athletics, being at one time captain of the baseball team; he was president of the college Y. M. C. A., officially connected with the *College Review* and active in the Orophilian Lyceum. Closely associated with Carroll in these ac-



tivities was Kenneth Randolph, who was a classmate of Carroll and pitcher on the baseball team at the time Carroll was captain. Let us pay a tribute to the memory of Kenneth, for he too has laid down his life in the present world conflict, for freedom and democracy.

Being brought up in a Christian home, Carroll early formed Christian ideals to which he ever remained true. He was not the "goody-goody" type of Christian. He had his faults, like most of us, but he was genuine and his manly traits won for him a warm place in the hearts of all who knew him. He was baptized and united with the Milton Junction Seventh Day Baptist Church December 5, 1907. As an example

of his fidelity to the appointments of the church, Carroll never failed to attend the covenant meeting of the church, though at that time it was held on Friday afternoon, and he was doing his high school work.

At one time he was a teacher in the Sabbath school and in the Junior Endeavor society and later became the president of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. Since his death this tribute has been paid to his memory by the officers of that organization with whom he was associated: "Carroll was our president for something like two years. It was then that we began the upward climb for efficiency, being the first Seventh Day Baptist society in the State to win the silver and then the gold stars. We were very proud of him and I think he was proud of us and the things we did while he was our president and after he was in other places his interests were in his home society." His success in the leadership of his own society won for him the larger responsibility of the presidency of the local and southern Wisconsin Christian Endeavor unions.

Although he belonged to a home which was for many years a lone Sabbath-keeping home Carroll became acquainted with, and took a deep interest in, many denominational activities, towards which he contributed regularly of his means. After moving to Milton Junction he was elected to membership in the Young People's Board, became its vice president, was a faithful member of the Quiet Hour and Tenth Legion and the superintendent of the Intermediate department. He was also a Student Volunteer and took a keen interest in all temperance reform work.

When Carroll was but a few days old his mother met with a great sorrow in the accidental drowning of her brother Will. And in her reflections at this time the question arose in her mind whether it was worth the cost to bring boys into the world, if they must lay down their lives so early in life, a question which has been echoed in a million mother-hearts since the terrible war broke out. In Carroll's life she found answer to her query, and in a letter which she wrote him for his birthday just as he was leaving this country for overseas, she told him about it. The following is an extract of his reply: "By some



miracle mother's letter reached me this afternoon on my birthday. . . . I was so happy to get it as if it were the best present I ever received. . . . The letter meant a lot to me too. Of course the great majority of us will come back, but it helps a lot for me to feel that even if I shouldn't come back you will not feel that all your suffering and worrying has been in vain. I have had a pleasant life. I have had a good home, loving parents, a good education, fine friends and a Christian environment all along which has been such that my life has been happy because I haven't had to reap the results of evil habits and now I should not be afraid to go across into danger, for I have had happiness in my twenty-three years that some people would give a life to get. I've had my share—I can not demand more. I am also glad that I can sacrifice for liberty and justice to oppressed peoples. In fact I have about everything a person could wish for. The only thing I regret is that loved ones have to suffer, and worry and be sad. It helps to know that all you've done has paid, regardless of the future."

We are glad his mother has permitted us this glimpse into the great soul of this boy we all loved so well. We can the more readily appreciate the tremendous influence for good of his life over those about him. A boy whose life is vibrant with such emotions and longings, who penetrates through the glamour of life to its deep and hidden things, who has such a fine sense of values, and appreciates and honors his mother as he did, is one whose life can not be spent in vain, even though he lived but a few short years.

After graduation Carroll accepted the position of the Y. M. C. A. secretary at the Dakota Wesleyan University at Mitchell, S. D., in which work he was equally successful. At the opening of the Y. M. C. A. work at the cantonments Carroll obtained a leave of absence from the Dakota Wesleyan and was appointed Y. M. C. A. secretary at Camp Custer. Here he remained until he enlisted in the army, in March, 1918. He had been promoted to the rank of sergeant, at the time of his death being in the 4th Division, Co. B, 12th Machine Gun Battalion. He was in the crisis battle at Chateau Thierry where the great Hun offensive was stopped and

turned into the great retreat which is still continuing. He was in the San Mihiel drive where 20,000 Germans were captured. We can see him in imagination, throwing himself into the struggle and heartening others as he used to lead the athletic contests or the Christian campaigns at home.

Mrs. William C. Daland who was so well acquainted with Carroll says of him: "There has been a stupendous loss to our community and to other communities in Carroll's death. I know so well how he hated war with all its animosities, how none of its trappings, the 'pomp and circumstance of war' ever appealed to him, how strong was the sense of duty which sent him to sacrifice all that was dear to him. How like Carroll is that sentence in his letter in the last *Review* where he says: 'Over the top is bum business but it seems to be necessary just now.' Carroll is like those 'gentlemen of England' who went from the universities of Oxford and Cambridge early in the war, went quickly and without compulsion before the days of conscription, and whose every written word shows forth their horror of the strife. They, too, laid down their lives simply because it was 'necessary,' necessary that life should be made possible for others after they were gone. I was thrilled when he enlisted in the infantry, the branch which the other boys all seemed to wish to escape, and when he went by the way of the common soldier instead of trying to get into the officers' camp. I hoped that he would come back to do a noble Christian work in times of peace. The work which he surely would have done seems a tremendous sacrifice but nothing is more certain than that Carroll did not die in vain."

The following is an extract from a letter which Carroll wrote from France to a cousin suffering anxiety on account of misfortune which had befallen a loved one. It has a special significance now to those to whom he was so dear.

And to feel that our loved ones at home will be cheery and brave, even if some of us should happen to have hard luck over here doing our bit, that is what we like. I am often helped by that little verse:

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me;  
I would be pure, for there are those who care;  
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;  
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

"I would be friend of all,—the foe, the friendless;

I would be giving and forget the gift;  
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;  
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift."

Perhaps you often feel as I do, that I am not doing much, yet, we can all "look up, and laugh, and love, and lift."

CAL.

Among several poems which Carroll liked so well there is one, entitled "Be Strong," which breathes a message for our young people today and is a most fitting close to this meager account of his life:

"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;  
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.  
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift,  
Be strong.

"Say not the days are evil. Whose the blame?  
And fold the hands, and acquiesce. Oh, shame!  
Stand up, speak out, and bravely in God's name,  
Be strong.

"It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,  
How hard the battle goes, the day how long,  
Faint not, fight on, tomorrow comes the song,  
Be strong."

E. D. V. H.

### THE RED CROSS SPIRIT AWAKES IN THE PHILIPPINES

This extract has been taken from a letter in the June *Red Cross Magazine* written by a traveller interested in Red Cross Work. The Red Cross Organization has penetrated into the Philippines and has been most enthusiastically received by the natives.

"As a ship approaches the city of Manila one sees almost first of all, near the Lunetta, the new Red Cross Tower, striking in daylight and very beautiful at night with its outline of electric lights. It dominates the Carnival grounds; which on February 2nd welcomed from 30,000 to 40,000 visitors a day and spread the name of the American Red Cross far and wide over these islands.

"Let us take our places on the grandstand to view the Red Cross procession, which begins at four in the afternoon and ends long after dark. Everybody in holiday mood. The Governor-General and all the officials are present; the Army and Navy in full white uniform are in the front row, for Manila even in February is very

warm, and white costumes are almost universal. Near us sits a Chinaman in a gorgeous robe, his family attending; we are introduced to the Sultan of Sulu, a visitor from his island six hundred miles south; near him is a company of Moros, and other tribesmen dressed in native costumes of many colors, to make up, perhaps, for the lack of dress one notes when visiting them at home."

### IN FLANDERS FIELD

Written by Lieut-Col. John McCrae, who died in France, January 28, 1918

In Flanders fields, the poppies grow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!  
To you, from failing hands, we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high!  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow  
In Flanders fields.

### AN ANSWER

Written by C. B. Galbreath, Ohio State Librarian and published in the "Standard"

In Flanders fields the cannon boom  
And fitful flashes light the gloom,  
While up above, like eagles, fly  
The fierce destroyers of the sky;  
With stains the earth wherein you lie  
Is redder than the poppy bloom,  
In Flanders fields.

Sleep on, ye brave; the shrieking shell,  
The quaking trench, the startled yell,  
The fury of the battle hell  
Shall wake you not, for all is well.  
Sleep peacefully, for all is well.

Your flaming torch aloft we bear,  
With burning heart an oath we swear  
To keep the faith, to fight it through,  
To crush the foe or sleep with you.  
In Flanders fields.

Do not look forward to what might happen tomorrow; the same everlasting Father who cares for you today will take care of you tomorrow, and every day. Be at peace, then, and put aside all anxious thoughts and imaginations.—*St Francis de Sales.*

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

REV. R. R. THORNGATE, SALEMVILLE, PA.  
Contributing Editor

### A DESERVED TRIBUTE

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE: In company with all those who desire the best for every living soul, a feeling of sorrow came to me when the news was received of the first soldiers who had been killed in the great war on the battle fields of Europe. This sorrow was intensified when some of our American boys were reported dead; it became still more real when the death notices of some of our own young men began to appear in the columns of the SABBATH RECORDER; but on account of a personal acquaintance a deeper chord was touched a few days ago when I heard of the deaths of Carroll West, occasioned by wounds received on the firing line, and Clinton Lewis, of pneumonia, in a southern training camp.

When I first saw Carroll West he was a bright, cooing babe in his mother's arms. His parents and the deeply lamented Professor J. W. Wood, of Baraboo, Wis., were paying me a visit at my home in Milton Junction of the same State. A pleasant little discussion arose concerning the color of the baby's eyes. The mother referred the matter to Professor Wood who pronounced it—"blue." In the light of events which have transpired since then I feel justified in the belief that Professor Wood's decision was prophetic of the true-blue character inherent in that wee bit of humanity.

Subsequently I moved away from Milton Junction and saw Carroll only at irregular intervals, but on those occasions I noted his development with pleasure, especially in the Christian life. As I write there comes to me a vivid recollection of meeting him at a Christian Endeavor service where he impressed me with the thought that his religion was a real vital experience and not a mere form. Several years passed by without my seeing him, and when we again met, in the autumn of 1917, he was in uniform—a Y. M. C. A. secretary at Camp Custer, Michigan.

I have previously written you of the ad-

dress he gave at a meeting of our Endeavor society during his stay at the camp, but you will pardon me for referring to it again because I want to make mention of some things that were passed by in the former communication.

In his address he seemed to dwell naturally on the hopeful side of the question as being in harmony with his own spirit. He told us of the good things that were being done and the splendid results obtained. We had heard so much of the depressing side that his words relieved the tension of our spirits; at the same time there was not the slightest appearance of holding the subject in a trifling way; he spoke as one who had counted the cost.

At the close of his address an opportunity was afforded for questions, and in reply to one of the questions he stated that a certain per cent of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries expected to go into the army.

"Won't your position in the Y. M. C. A. exempt you from that?" said some one.

Carroll shook his head and his face brightened visibly as he replied, "We don't expect to be exempt; that won't do. If none of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries go into the army the boys will think we are cowards and we will have no influence over them."

I had previous to this had no thought of his enlisting in the army, but his reply to this question fastened the conviction upon my mind that he would do so. There was something in his manner coupled with his words which indicated that whatever mental and spiritual struggle there may have been he had passed through it and resolutely and cheerfully accepted his duty.

While on my visit to Dodge Center, Minn., last spring, I met Clinton Lewis. Our acquaintance though brief was long enough for me to discover some of the sterling and kindly traits of his character. He seemed to fill so many places in the work of the church. At one of the Sabbath services when, to the best of my ability, I gave an account of the work of the Winona Bible Conference he was one of a quartet who aided me by singing some of the Winona hymns. The pastor was called away unexpectedly for a few days, leaving work that needed immediate attention, and Clinton assumed its responsibility; his calls at the parsonage to ascertain

### BEGIN NOW

Christian Endeavor Topic for Sabbath Day,  
December 8, 1918

#### DAILY READINGS

Sunday—Put Christ first (Matt. 8: 18-22)  
Monday—Begin to serve (Eccles. 11: 1-6)  
Tuesday—Begin to worship (Ps. 95: 1-11)  
Wednesday—Begin to think (Eccles. 7: 11-29)  
Thursday—Join the church (Acts 16: 1-5)  
Friday—Begin to give (2 Cor. 8: 1-15)  
Sabbath Day—Topic, Begin now (2 Cor. 6: 1-10)

#### THE SCRIPTURE THOUGHT

Paul, the great apostle and missionary, is writing to his friends in Corinth. He is saying to them, "Now it is as co-operators with God in this work [the gospel ministry] that we exhort you not to make the grace of God fruitless in your life by continuing in sin. For God has told us in Scripture of a time of grace and of a day of salvation; and this is that blessed time of grace and that day of salvation" (vv. 1-2, Dummelow). Now, this present time, is the time to accept of God's love and become a Christian.

Vs. 4-10, Paul enumerates the trials and persecutions he has endured for the sake of Christ and his gospel. "We avoid all conduct which might bring reproach upon our ministry; and try, on the contrary, to commend ourselves by acting as true ministers of God. This is our aim in all the trials and persecutions we endure, for we seek to exhibit all the Christian graces both in our life and in our teachings. Whether we are held in honor or defamed our object is the same: we are looked upon as deceivers, but we remain true; we are obscure, but known by our work; we are often at death's door, but through God's grace we live; we are cast down, but are enabled to rejoice through Christ; in our poverty we enrich many with spiritual blessings; though having nothing of ourselves we have all through Christ" (Dummelow).

It is necessary to eliminate self when we become Christ's followers, but by so doing we enrich the lives of others, and in turn will find joy and happiness through Christ and in a life of service. Begin now.

#### SOME THOUGHTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

The following helpful thoughts and illustrations are taken from the *Endeavor's Daily Companion*.

if his assistance was needed there disclosed the trait of thoughtful kindness. So many of us who have really kind hearts fail in *thoughtful* kindness. When a social was decided upon he was put on the committee of arrangements. How much he contributed towards that evening's enjoyment can not well be told and his countenance gave evidence of the happy spirit that dwelt in his breast.

At that social I bade the people with whom I had been associated a few weeks good-by and Clinton Lewis was the last in line. As we shook hands we mutually expressed the hope that we should meet again in the not very distant future in Dodge Center. The next I heard of him he was en route for a training camp.

After he had left the parsonage at the close of the social, Pastor Van Horn said: "He's a dependable fellow; he always stands ready to do his full share of the work of the church." Only those who pass through a similar experience will be able to appreciate the loss the pastor will feel when he returns from his mission overseas and takes up again the work of the church.

We confidently expected long years of service with a glintage of golden fruit from these two young men, but their work is ended. Their lives have been snuffed out years before they had reached the zenith of their strength. Clinton Lewis sleeps in the beautiful little hillside cemetery of his home town where father, mother, brother, sister and neighbor will congregate from time to time and recall the story of his devoted life. Carroll West is buried "somewhere" in the land of the gallant Lafayette, where the stars in their courses will keep watch over his resting place. Did I say, "Their work is ended"? Oh, may I not rather say it is just begun; for if their comrades who remain do but catch a clear vision of their sacrifice then will "a double portion" of their spirits fall upon them and lead them forth to a richer, more complete service through which the work of the fallen heroes shall reach its consummation.

Very cordially yours, in the service of the Master,

MARTHA H. WARDNER.

202 N. Washington Ave.,  
Battle Creek, Mich.

Begin now to consecrate yourself fully, soul, body, possessions. Our allegiance is often divided, self first, Christ next. Abolish half-measures; make it "All for Christ."

Begin now to define your aims in life. Pray over what you want to do with the years God has given you.

Begin now to live the life of sacrifice. Paul found it joy. So have others found it. It lifts one out of selfishness into the freedom of heaven.

Begin now to live the life of eternity, the heavenly life, not the mean, self-seeking earth-life. The eternal life is the life of love, of kindness, of gentle goodness.

He meant to insure his house, but it burned down before he got it done.

He was just going to stop drinking when he died. The habit of putting things off is fatal.

He was always going to turn over a new leaf and become a Christian, when his health failed and he was permanently laid aside. Begin now to be useful.

#### YOUR THOUGHT

Why is it both dangerous and wrong to put off making the decision to accept Christ? Give at least three reasons.

### A NEW PLAN OF MISSION STUDY

EDITOR YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE:

At our recent Riverside county convention a new plan of mission study was presented to us. Many of the churches and societies of southern California have worked out this "Church School of Missions" plan and it has proved very successful. I feel that we as Christian Endeavorers should have some definite plan of work before we can be successful, so I should like to pass these suggestions on to some of the other societies in the denomination. Our Riverside society expects to take up the mission study soon and perhaps some others would like to do the same.

"The Church School of Missions" plan was first worked out by Mrs. Royal J. Dye, missionary to Africa, and now, since it has been tried in so many places, it is no longer an experiment. It has stimulated missionary interest, created a real enthusiasm in mission study, enlarged missionary contributions, inspired young people to enter Christian work, and has increased attendance at church services and Christian En-

deavor meetings in churches where it has been used. Does it not seem worthy trying?

The whole church should be behind the plan but it can be started by the Young People's society. There are a number of small classes held at the same time and in separate rooms, if possible, so the members may discuss freely the problems studied. It is not a lecture course but a class for study having one member as leader. Classes are provided for men, women, young people, Intermediates, and Juniors. The whole family is included and each class is equally interesting. The classes are held once each week for a series of six or eight weeks. They are held at the regular Christian Endeavor hour preferably, but the Endeavorers may have a fifteen-minute devotional service just previous to the study.

The book used especially for the young people is "Ancient Peoples at New Tasks," by Willard Price. This book is a graphic description of the industrial life of South America, Japan, China, the Philippines, India and South Africa from the point of view of the relation of Christianity to the needs and opportunities among the world's workers.

For women's classes, "Women Workers of the Orient," by Margaret E. Burton, a study of the life of women workers in mission lands, is most interesting.

The men's class studies, "The Gospel for a Working World," by Harry F. Ward,—a stimulating discussion of the industrial situation in the United States and of the home missionary task before the Christian forces of the country in applying the teaching of the gospel to conditions and relations in the world of work.

For Intermediate students an interesting book planning for life work from the Christian point of view is "Making Life Count," by Eugene C. Foster.

Even the Junior's study is provided for in the books, "Jack and Janet in the Philippines," by Norma Waterbury Thomas, and "Jack-of-all-Trades," by Margaret Applegarth.

These books may be obtained for from forty to sixty cents apiece from Mr. C. W. Kinnear, 1101 Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, Cal., or from the Missionary Education Movement, 160 Fifth Avenue, New York.

If there are any societies who wish to take up this study and wish more information I should be only too glad to tell them more about it.

Yours in Christian Endeavor,  
MALETA L. OSBORN.

127 Prospect Ave.,  
Riverside, Cal.

### MINUTES OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD MEETING

The Young People's Board met in the Welfare Office of the Sanitarium, October 1, 1918, with President Henry N. Jordan in the chair. Members present: E. H. Clarke, Clark Siedhoff, W. B. Lewis, B. F. Johanson, Ethlyn M. Davis, Henry N. Jordan.

Prayer was offered by E. H. Clarke.

On motion, voted that Rev. R. R. Thorngate, of Salemville, Pa., be requested to continue as Contributing Editor of the Young People's Department of the SABBATH RECORDER.

Voted that the Board appropriate \$10.00 to cover necessary expenses in postage and stationery used by the Contributing Editor.

Mrs. Marian Howard Hargis was elected to fill the vacancy on the Board caused by the resignation of Miss Marguerite Saunders.

Henry N. Jordan and E. H. Clarke were made a committee to procure suitable stationery for the work of the Board.

Voted that the regular meeting of the Board shall be on the night of the first Monday in each month.

Minutes read and approved.

Adjournment.

ETHLYN M. DAVIS,  
Recording Secretary.

### MINUTES OF MEETING OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S BOARD

The Young People's Board met in the Welfare Office of the Sanitarium, November 4, at 8 p. m.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Rev. Henry N. Jordan.

In the absence of the Secretary, Mrs. Marian Hargis was appointed Secretary pro tem.

Members present: B. F. Johanson, W. B. Lewis, E. H. Clarke, Clark Siedhoff, Mrs.

Ruby Babcock, D. M. Bottoms, Henry N. Jordan, and Marian Hargis.

Prayer was offered by Mrs. Ruby Babcock.

Minutes of the last meeting were read. Treasurer reported amount of funds on hand, \$262.48.

Voted that the Treasurer, without further action by the Board, remit monthly the proportionate amount due on Dr. Palmberg's salary.

Committee appointed to procure suitable stationery for the use of the Board presented a report of progress. Report accepted and committee continued.

Voted to request Miss Miriam Ingham to become superintendent of Mission Study Department and Miss Flora Zinn, superintendent of the Extension Department.

Voted that an order for \$3.40 be drawn on the Treasurer in favor of Marjorie Burdick for postage and supplies.

Voted that a committee of three be appointed to prepare a new goal for the societies for the ensuing year. Henry N. Jordan, B. F. Johnson and Mrs. Ruby Babcock were appointed the committee.

Minutes of the meeting read and approved.

Meeting adjourned.

MARIAN H. HARGIS,  
Secretary pro tem.

### THANKSGIVING

M. E. H. EVERETT

Once more the hands of toil are filled  
With goodly gifts to see,  
And the broad fields of harvest yield  
Their grains and fruitage free.  
Our fathers' God, with humble heart  
We offer praise to thee.

With tender care thou didst bestow  
Thy sunshine and thy rain,  
Else had we sowed the choicest seed  
And tilled our soil in vain.  
We pray thee, let thy blessings still  
Upon our homes remain.

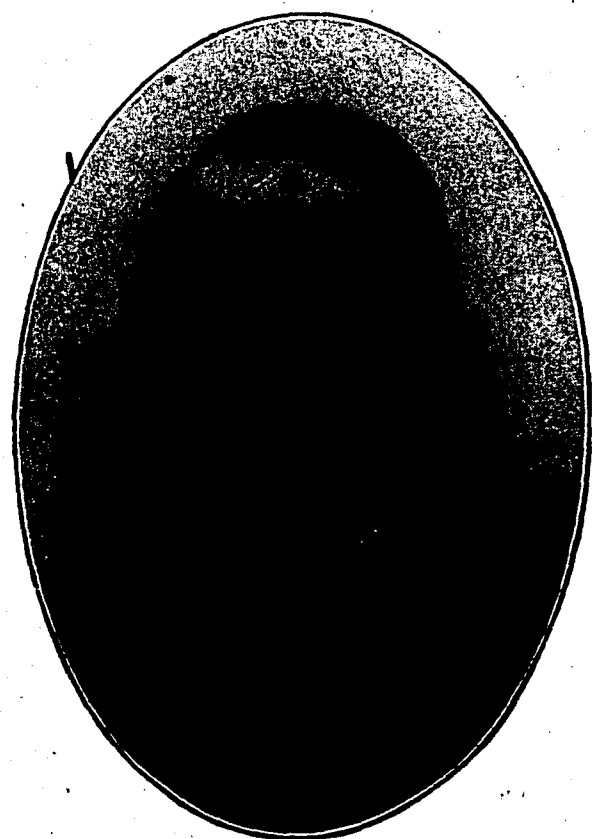
On fields of blood a costlier seed  
We sowed with desperate hands;  
Where the great bombs their furrows laid  
Marched sowers in armed bands.  
O Lord, bring thou the harvest forth  
To comfort many lands.

"Anger, like strong drink, hides you from yourself, but exposes you to others."

**REV. F. F. JOHNSON, M. D.**

Frederick Ferguson Johnson, son of Henry and Mary Johnson, was born at Lebanon, Wilson Co., Tenn., November 20, 1833, and died at Stone Fort, Ill., October 15, 1918, aged 84 years, 10 months, and 15 days. His ancestors were from Sweden, settling in Delaware in 1750, thence removing to North Carolina, thence to Tennessee, and thence to Raleigh, Ill., in 1860.

Dr. Johnson began public life as a teacher in the public schools at Raleigh, Ill., in 1855. In 1856, he began the study of medicine with Dr. Rathbone, of Raleigh. On August 28, 1856, he was married to Minerva Burnett, with whom he lived happily for forty-one years. The winter of



1857-58 he attended the medical college at Nashville, Tenn., returning to Raleigh the following spring, where he was engaged in the practice of medicine until 1859, when he entered Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa., graduating the following spring, 1860. Soon after he enlisted as assistant surgeon in Company E, 29th Regiment, Illinois V. I. He served until compelled to resign on account of disability, and was in the battles of Columbus, Fort Henry and Donelson. He engaged in the practice of medicine until 1865, when he was elected superintendent of schools of Saline County and served two terms. While serving in this capacity he made his home at Harrisburg.

He afterward returned to his farm at Raleigh, where he engaged in the practice of his profession for a time, when he removed to Eldorado and entered into the dairy business and the practice of medicine.

Believing that a more elevated region would be healthier for his family he removed to Old Stone Fort. In 1879, a year later, he removed to the farm above Stone Fort, which became his home for the remainder of his life.

April 20, 1898, he was again married, choosing as his companion Mrs. Matilda (Burnett) Cox who survives him. His family consisted of twelve children, seven sons and five daughters, two of whom died in infancy. Those living are Mrs. Emeline Lewis, of Stone Fort, Mrs. Catharine Grace, of Harrisburg, W. F., of Stone Fort, Dr. T. M., of Galatia, Mrs. Laura Blackman, of Harrisburg, Mrs. Nannie Bramlet, of Eldorado, Dr. Paul W., of Clarkston, Wash., F. B., of Stone Fort, Dr. H. M., of Chicago, and Ewing, of Lewiston, Idaho. There are also thirty-two grandchildren and sixteen great-grandchildren. A sister, Mrs. Carrie Neil, of Harrisburg, and a brother, Henry, of Arkansas, survive.

Brother Johnson was ever active in religious affairs. He was licensed to preach at Raleigh. While living at Harrisburg he organized the First Baptist Church, becoming its pastor and was ordained to the gospel ministry in 1867. In 1870, he was led to consider the claims of the fourth Commandment and was compelled to sever his affiliation with the Baptists, afterward becoming a member of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Stone Fort, where he served as pastor, together with Elder Robert Lewis until the infirmities of age no longer permitted.

He was employed for a time by the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary and Tract societies, laboring in the interest of his denomination, visiting localities in twenty-four States. Brother Johnson ever stood for advancement in education, in religion, in state, and in the homes of the people. He leaves a good name and memories of pleasure and gratitude to those who were his and to all who knew him.

L. D. S.

**CHILDREN'S PAGE****POLLY CRITCHERSON'S CHANCE**

ALICE ANNETTE LARKIN

FROM the kitchen window of the old farmhouse, Polly Critcherson looked disconsolately down the crooked little road that was hardly dignified enough to be called a driveway. A sudden gust of wind lifted the last small pile of leaves by the back door and tossed them in every direction. The farmyard gate blew open with a groaning and creaking of hinges that sent Polly's hands flying to her ears to shut out the nerve-racking sound.

"I almost wish that old gate would blow clear to the Desert of Sahara," she thought as she watched it slam back into place. "And I don't know as I should care so dreadfully much if the whole farm blew there, too. It's the loneliest, most out-of-the-way place I ever saw. There, now!" Polly's eyes had been so intent on the old red gate that she failed to see her brother until he came hurrying in with a brimming pail of milk.

"Father and mother won't be home tonight," he remarked as he closed the door behind him. "And I don't believe your school entertainment will come off, either. Folks would be foolish to go anywhere they didn't have to. I'm having all I want of the wind, just doing the chores; and this warm room feels pretty good to me. I'll be ready for supper before very long."

Polly made no reply, but she no longer stood there by the window and watched the old red gate on its mad career. She began to go briskly back and forth from pantry to kitchen and from kitchen to dining room. She knew that there was no use in waiting for father and mother, for, as David said, they probably wouldn't come home until morning, even if they found Uncle Edwin, who had met with an accident last night, much better than they expected. Father had told them not to worry, for he shouldn't start out if it looked like a bad storm; so she didn't feel anxious about them. But she wasn't at all sure that the Hopewell Grammar School would give up its long-talked of entertainment just because it

might snow in three or four hours. Why, they would have to have it tonight, for Miss Parker was going away tomorrow for a week. And oh, how much she wanted to be there. Not that she had any very important part in the program—she was only a member of the chorus—but even that was better than no part at all. It was bad enough not to be able to go to school because father and mother had taken the bay team, leaving only lame old Dolly in the barn, without having to miss the entertainment, too. But David wouldn't hear of driving Dolly the five miles to Hopewell, even if he didn't have to come right back.

"And it makes it all the worse knowing we could have stayed all night with Betty Anderson's folks," thought Polly as she filled the milk pitcher. "I wish I liked to live on a farm as well as David does; but I don't. He doesn't seem to care if he can't go to a party or a picnic or an entertainment in months and months. But deary me, it's dreadful never to have a chance to do anything but just wipe dishes, and make beds, and feed chickens. Chances to do nice things don't come to folks that live on little old farms, I guess."

On the brightly polished top of the old kitchen range, two shiny teakettles sputtered and sang an accompaniment to Polly's thoughts until she had to take notice of them. "Why, Polly Critcherson," she said half aloud, the minute she spied them, "you don't deserve to have any chance at all, for you've forgotten David's cocoa and the soup; and you wouldn't have once thought of them if it hadn't been for those kettles. Aren't you ashamed, when he's worked so much harder than you have today! And he wasn't to blame because there was no way for you to get to school. Now you'll have to make up for your neglect by being twice as nice as you generally are. You'd better run right down into the cellar for some of those big red apples, and you might pop some corn."

David, coming in from his last trip to the barn, spied the red apples and the corn popper, and sank contentedly back in the big chair by the stove. "It's going to be a bad night, Polly," he said as he started to change his heavy shoes for slippers. "It snows already, and everything feels like a regular blizzard. I've tied that gate up, but nobody knows how long 'twill stay. I'm

thankful father and mother didn't start out. Whew, but your supper does smell good!"

Polly's supper was good, and the red apples were good, too. David offered to pop the corn while she washed the dishes, and Polly made no objections; it was more cheerful to have some one there in the kitchen with her. Outside, the wind was rattling every blind on the old house, and she could feel the building shake with almost every gust. It was snowing very hard long before supper was over, and Polly shivered as she tried to look out. She started to pull down the shades, but on second thought, left them up. "It looks so terribly lonesome out there," she said half apologetically. Of course, there would be no one to need the light from the kitchen windows, but it would do no harm to leave the curtains as they were.

"I hope no one is out in this storm," she said as she followed David into the sitting room.

"Folks have got too much sense to go anywhere unless they have to on a night like this; so don't you worry," was David's consoling reply.

But Polly did worry, and she noticed that David made more than one excursion to the door, ostensibly to see if the cat wanted to come in; but she knew that he, too, was anxious.

It was a little after nine o'clock when Polly suddenly sprang up from the big chair by the sitting room stove. Surely she had heard some one calling. Far away to the south it sounded, almost in the direction of their maple swamp; then nearer and nearer. David had already started for the door.

"Stand back, Polly," he ordered, as he hastened to open it. Don't get in a draft. There, listen! Yes, it's a call for help, all right. Get me my lantern, quick, while I find my boots. It's an awful night to be out."

Polly Critcherson didn't wait to ask questions; she ran for the lantern, also for her own flashlight. And she offered no objections, though she knew that even David might lose his way in such a blinding storm. Carefully she closed and bolted the door after him, lest it should blow in. Then she lighted lamps and placed them in several of the windows. This done, she stopped to think what she could do next.

There on the stove that was still hot she saw the two teakettles; why, of course, whoever was wandering around in this storm would want hot water bottles and hot drinks. Even hot soup might come in handy. It was fortunate that mother had prepared so much.

It took but a few minutes to replenish the fire and start the kettles boiling. Having accomplished this, Polly turned down the light and pressed her face close against the windowpane. She could just catch a glimmer from David's lantern; evidently he was having a hard time making his way through the snow. But David was strong; farm life had done wonders for him.

Polly dared not leave the room dark a minute longer than was necessary. Even a kitchen lamp might help a little, so she turned the light up, then tried to busy herself about the stove. That was a long half hour for her; the longest she could ever remember, but it came to an end at last. A faint call sent her flying to the door just in time to open it for David. And he was not alone; in his arms he bore a tiny fur-clad object, while close behind him staggered a man and a woman.

"Get some chairs, quick, Polly," stammered David. "They're about all in."

"Why, it's Mr. Newton," exclaimed Polly, when she had secured a good glimpse of the man who was trying to remove his wet, bedraggled coat. And it was—Harry Newton, the young man who had recently moved from New York to a farm two miles beyond the Critcherson place. About four o'clock that afternoon, he had started for Hopewell to meet his wife and little son, who were coming in on the five o'clock train. But the train was nearly two hours late, and it was storming furiously when they finally left town. He had tried to persuade his wife to stay somewhere over night; but she was anxious to reach home, and, having a swift horse, they had thought they could make it. But the horse had stumbled and fallen just as they reached the road that led through the woods to the Critcherson farm, and it had taken a long time to get him up. Then they had lost their way.

Polly worked hard and fast, even as she got the story bit by bit. David had been obliged to go out and look after the horse

## THE FAR LOOK, OR "KON OF SALEM"

REV. HERMAN D. CLARKE

CHAPTER XXVI

(Continued)

THE junior year in college was quite strenuous for Kon as for others ambitious to excel. He was not first in his class, in fact Don and Evelyn were ranking ahead of him. Don was striving for the Cecil Rhodes Scholarship and was in a fair way to get it. Evelyn was planning to go to an art school in Cincinnati after graduation at Salem, at least to have a year there in preparation for teaching, if she was not married, so she said to her mother.

"Have you any ideal man in mind, my daughter?" asked her mother. Evelyn blushed a little but in all frankness said, "Why, yes, I have my ideal, but am not expecting he will look at me in that light. Still I am more and more, and in spite of my modesty, drawn to him. I can't help it, mother. He is a true man, a model, and unaffected, and he is so kind to me."

"I surmise you are thinking of Konrad Wells, am I right, Evelyn? But, daughter, would his religious views be in harmony with yours? That is a very important matter, if you have a dream of some future attachment."

"I am inclined to say they would," answered Evelyn.

"Then he is changing his views on the Sabbath, is he?"

"I think not, mother. I guess I am changing mine."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, Evelyn. Your father is a minister of much knowledge and great experience, and how would it look for you to depart from his teachings?"

"May I not be old enough to look carefully to Bible teachings? Father is a good and pious and well educated man. So are other good fathers who do not agree with him. If you and father have helped me build a good groundwork for future study and conscientious following of what I see the Word of God teaches, shall I not follow my own convictions?"

Themother said nothing but resolved that she would tell her husband about this unexpected change in the girl and try to show her the truth as they viewed it.

"Kon, what did Evelyn tell you the other day about her religious views? I heard you hint something about it," said his sister.

"Why, she said she had been undergoing quite a change since she came to Salem, that was all, but I notice that she does not defend her Sunday any more as at first. However, I have not thrust the subject upon her; she has always begun it."

"My brother, your letters to Susie are becoming more frequent and more pleasant as you read them to me, and also you are more and more with Evelyn. What does it mean? Be careful. I know you would not knowingly trifle with a girl's affections and you remember how you nearly broke Susie's heart three years ago. Now she is again coming to think of you, I observe, as more than a mere friend, though she may be unconscious of it. Ought you not to

as soon as he could be spared. When he came in at last, tired and exhausted, she was ready with something hot for him to drink. In the sitting room, the Newtons were getting warm and rested, and it was very quiet there by the kitchen stove. Outside the storm still raged.

"Polly, you're simply great!" David said as he gulped down the steaming cocoa. "I never could have made them comfortable alone. They've had a mighty narrow escape, and Mr. Newton says that the lights in this old farmhouse were all that kept them from wandering off into the swamp."

"My, but I'm thankful there were lights in our house for them to see then," replied Polly earnestly. "What if we hadn't been here to keep them burning! O David, what if we had gone to Hopewell and left the farm alone all night!" And Polly shivered as she thought of what might have happened. "I mean to keep our windows bright as long as I stay here," she added as she drew nearer the fire, "for somebody else might get lost in a storm some time; but it will never be Polly Critcherson's fault if they do."

David looked up into the little face that had been so sober only a few short hours before, but over which a happy smile was now creeping. "The farm isn't the very worst place in the world, after all, is it, Polly?" he asked eagerly.

"It's the very best place for us, David," was the prompt reply. "I shall like it even more than you do if you don't look out. I'm glad we moved here, and I'm glad that the chance to sing in a school chorus isn't the biggest chance in the world. David Critcherson, you and I ought to be the thankfulest folks in the family tonight; just to think we stayed where we were needed."

"I am sure we are," smiled David.—*Baptist Boys and Girls.*

Everything you do to elevate the moral and religious tone of the community adds dollars to your city and value to your property and power to your commercial interests; and everything you do in a political way that lowers the moral tone of your people or casts a reflection upon the moral life of your city, depreciates your values and brings financial disaster. You can not serve God and mammon.—*M. A. Matthews.*

drop one or the other girl now, tactfully and kindly so as not to wound, or else let it be known positively that you are only just a mere friend with not the least thought of future engagements?"

"Sister, I do not know my own heart. I like both those girls and have not considered my correspondence with Susie or my association with Evelyn as dangerous; but now that I come to look at it, it may be. I should be so sorry to have any repetition of Susie's case of three years ago. I'll look into this," said Kon.

"Susie is true blue, in every respect, Kon, and you have known her from girlhood. Evelyn is also true, for all I know, but there is danger of even the best of people changing religious views from a growing love, when the change is not based upon any careful study of the Bible or real conviction. I do not say that Evelyn is that way, but it might be so. I notice that the girl eyes you more and more and seems so interested in you. I like the girl, but it may be that you ought to be more careful, for you have another year in college and time to settle the matter of your future life companion to suit your occupation and your home. Be careful."

It might be well if other sisters of experience and observation had something tactfully to say to their younger brothers about these important matters.

Classes, lyceum work, moderate athletics, college functions, social gatherings here and there, all were given attention systematically and with zest, and the year was passing away quickly. Kon's sister and her husband entered heartily into all his plans and ambitions and did all they could to make his college days pleasant and profitable. They enjoyed social and literary gatherings and had many parties with this in view. They were select in naming those whom they wanted with them in their home, but never were unfriendly to any of Kon's associates and he was free to bring any one he chose. One evening he had what he called a round table party. He had invited his usual favorites and two of the professors, about a dozen in all, to his sister's home and had given out to them that the evening would be spent mostly in "profound discussions" and he would let them down easy with refreshments and humor.

The evening came and it was a most enjoyable occasion. There was no formal program but Kon arranged to drift into some discussion that would be suitable for the guests, especially the teachers present.

Kon drew them into it something like this: "Professor, what stands back of a boy or girl mostly in choosing a college course?"

"Well, many boys come to see the advantages of an education, and especially they see how their parents have been in a sense hampered for life for lack of the training they themselves are having, and so resolve to be an improvement on their parents. There are many reasons. But I am of the opinion that the parents are to have most praise, in that multitudes of fathers and mothers these days are ambitious for their children, for their culture, for their social prestige, for their financial success, and so on. They are hard-working parents

who are beating away against rigid economy and great loss, and they want their children to have what they never did," replied the Professor.

"I think," said Mr. Barber, "that while the social leaders and the mechanical experts created by college work may be all right and are, the value of these young people to society does not depend upon their ability to shine and do things others are doing but upon their ability to think and to know themselves and the world about them. They are to be prepared to create public sentiment in the right direction and to follow it. Advancing beyond their period, they are to leave the world better than when they entered it. They must do all in their power to resist the deteriorating influences of a commercialized intellect. I want Kon, and all in fact who go from this college, to have clear conceptions of the highest truths, and to have hope when others are despairing."

"That is so," said the Professor. "They must not let their law, medicine, or what not, come before the duties of a responsible leadership in the social, political, moral, or industrial life. If they do, they cease to be valuable factors in this world."

"Father tells me," said Don, "that he hopes Salem will give me that technical training that will lead me to feel and know that, as a physician, if I choose that, I must be very much more than a medical practitioner, or a mere money-maker."

"Or, in other words, that to be a doctor of power and influence you are also to be a man and citizen, a leader in all good movements. Real success is not the question of being a great surgeon or something else, but it is the question of your individual character," said the Professor.

"I was talking with a business man lately," remarked Mr. Bond, "who is a graduate of Colgate. We were at a friend's and our hostess was trying to interest him in books, pictures, society and art, and all that, but he was dumb. Finally he said, 'Try me on hosiery, that's my line.' Now what you think of that?"

"I think," said Don, "that in his school life he had failed to acquire the art of intelligent conversation."

"I am hoping that our people, and all who have an interest in Salem, will understand this much of our mission: that it is to direct mental and moral culture; to help develop a perfect human intellect in all its functions; to aid in a thorough training of all the God-given faculties and to direct them to proper effort," said one of the professors.

"When I was at West Winfield Academy," said Kon, "one of the teachers was very unpopular, while another, though younger and less scholarly, was exceedingly popular and always had the strictest attention of his class. He seemed to have knowledge as to the use of incidents, and everything at his command, while the other did not, but was priggish and had a pedantic manner as teacher. Woodrow Wilson said that he had been a teacher for twenty years before he found that students forgot his facts, while they remembered his stories. I suppose then he began to put facts in story form."

"I have always said that if I ever tried to write a book on theology or ethics or anything, I'd use the story method. I was never interested so much in ancient and modern history as when I read it in romance. I was never so interested in the present reformatory efforts and the truths that preachers and prosy book-writers have been laboring so hard to set forth, as when I read of them in some story. Of course we ought to be able to think and digest prosy works, but the average man does not. But put your thought into a fascinating story and he will devour it and get the truth into his mental and moral system," remarked Mrs. Bond who was present.

"I have heard you criticised, Professor, for saying so little in your classroom. How do you take that?" said Hazel.

"Ha! ha! that makes me feel good. Why, students are generally talked to death. Don't you want to talk, yourself, when you are in class? Certainly you do, and that is what I let you all do. That is what makes you so interested in your work. It 'individualizes' you. I don't want to bore you," answered the Professor.

"Josh Billings says that 'a bore is a man who talked so much about himself that you couldn't talk about yourself.' But, Professor, I want to pay Salem's teachers this compliment: you are teaching us to discover the values worth while. And I know it is at a sacrifice that you do it, but you appear at our athletic sports and at our socials and everywhere possible, showing interest in undergraduate activities. So when we come to the classroom, we know and feel that we have a friend and man who is not way above us," said Don.

"Thank you, Don, I consider that the greatest of compliments. Knowing your appreciation, we teachers can do our best, even at any sacrifice. I'd rather teach here than in the largest university in the land and at the largest salary. We see results in young manhood and womanhood."

"I was writing home the other day," said Kon, "and told my father I had found that the chief function, or one important one, of this college was to 'discover the man in the student,' training him for the right kind of public service and for the right presentment of home duties. I knew I was a better son for it and I all the more appreciated his and grandfather's efforts in my behalf. I like this democratic spirit, too, and this getting a grip upon public opinion with ability to deal with such a variety of men."

"What I enjoy here," said Don, "is the fortnightly walks with Professor Bond. I wish they were oftener. He does not have opportunity for many out-of-door games with us, and so finds it of value to take long walks, which I feel is a great means of influencing the student in many things. I was never so interested in trees, plants, flowers, birds and animals as I am now. Such walks and talks furnish an opportunity for projecting the influences of Salem into our later careers."

"We have not talked of the financial outlook and I am glad of that. It will take care of itself when you begin your real activities for life.

But, all the same, that you may do the more good for the race with means material, this college life will train you for business and thoughtful business. You may not make as much in a little time as did the man who wrote three words for a railroad crossing. These words are: 'Stop! Look! Listen!' For that he received one thousand dollars," said Mr. Barber.

"Well, where are the women coming in on this subject?" asked Ethel.

"They have come in the same as the young men have, on every point. But you say 'women.' Don't you know that 'a woman never becomes a woman until she is an old woman'?"

"Oh, pshaw! Professor, we are not as silly as that. Of course we are always girls the same as you men are always boys. President Gardiner when he was here, I have been told, always spoke of his old classmates and friends as 'the boys.' He does yet, I see as I read his editorials," remarked Ethel.

"Well, sister, you know it is a hard thing for you and others of your sex to decide when you are thirty-one years old!" said Kon.

"I declare, if we have not drifted from our subjects. But I move that we now have refreshments," said Mr. Barber.

"Good!" said Hazel. "That interests me as much as hosiery did your business man. But say, I don't feel as blue as I did when I started to come here."

"Humph! when I get blue," said Don, "I go to the looking glass and make faces at myself."

"That accounts for your habit when sometimes looking at me," said Hazel.

"Isn't it delightful to spend an evening like this?" said Evelyn as Kon walked with her to her room. "I shall never forget such inspirations. Come in some evening, Kon, and see some new pictures I have received. They are interesting."

(To be continued)

Man needs his fellows because he is a social being. He has no life apart from others. Each man depends upon all others for physical sustenance, all upon each. The mental life is as surely sustained by fellowship. And even religion is a heritage and the result of teaching, of communion with other human spirits.—*Leslie Willis Sprague.*

There is a fine art in burden-bearing. Some people think it is the art of making another carry the load while you carry the bag, while others imagine it is a matter of blinding yourself to what is on your shoulders. But it is in neither of these ways. Strange to say, it is a matter of carrying the burdens we have by adding others to them.—*Henry F. Cope.*

## MEN IN THE SERVICE FROM SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST HOMES

- ADAMS CENTER, N. Y.  
Carley, Francis  
Greene, Carlton  
Horton, Corp. Kenneth  
Langworthy, Virgil  
Williams, Clayton  
Williams, Ernest
- ALBION, WIS.  
Ayers, Elsworth D.  
Ayers, Elton  
Babcock, Fred I.  
Green, Sidney C.  
Stillman, Mahlon  
Stillman, George
- ALFRED, N. Y.  
Ayars, Capt. Emerson W.  
Ayars, Lister S.  
Babcock, Corp. Ronald  
Bass, Corp. Elmer  
Beach, Rolland P.  
Burdick, Corp. Arthur E.  
Burdick, Capt. George E.  
Clarke, Lieut. Walton B.  
Coon, Lance Corp. Aaron Mac  
Cottrell, Capt. Arthur M.  
Crandall, Lieut. Winfield R.  
Davis, B. Colwell, Jr.  
Davis, Stanton H.  
Dunham, W. E.  
Ells, Alton B.  
Fenner, Glenn B.  
Greene, Sergt. Edward F. R.  
Greene, Lieut. Ernest G.  
Greene, Sergt. Robert A.  
Hall, Horace A.  
Martin, Howard  
Meritt, Carl L.  
Phillips, Lieut. Kent  
Poole, Lieut. Clesson O.  
Potter, Clifford M.  
Randolph, Lieut. Winfield W.F.  
Shaw, Lieut. Leon I.  
Sheppard, Corp. Mark  
Stevens, George P.  
Rosebush, Capt. Waldo E.  
Straight, Lieut. B. D.  
Thomas, Herbert  
Truman, De Forrest  
Saunders, Edward E.  
Saunders, Harold B.  
Vars, Otho L.  
Witter, Adrian E.  
Witter, E. Allen
- ALFRED STATION, N. Y.  
Allen, John R.  
Allen, Joseph L.  
Burkhart, James  
Champlin, Capt. E. V.  
Ormsby, Orson C.  
Palmiter, Elson G.  
Roberts, Guy  
Smith, Claude C.  
Woodruff, Corp. Charles Eldon  
Worrell, Herman L.  
Worrell, W. T.
- ASHAWAY, R. I. I  
Babcock, Lawrence  
Babcock, Walter  
Briggs, Charles B.  
Briggs, Leverett A., Jr.  
Coon, John T.  
Coon, Walter  
Crandall, Ahvern  
Crandall, Julian  
Greene, Lewis R.  
Hill, Albert  
Hill, Frank M.  
Langworthy, Harry  
Langworthy, Lloyd  
Lewis, Walter T.  
Mathieu, Winifred  
Murphy, Orville  
Riffenberg, Fred  
Smith, Arthur M.  
Spencer, Elmer  
Spencer, Paul  
Turnbull, John  
Turnbull, Peter  
Wells, Edward
- Wells, Forest  
Wells, Nathanael
- BATAVIA, ILL.  
Clement, Neal Gilbert
- BATTLE CREEK, MICH.  
Bottoms, Lieut. Roger  
Confer, Oren  
Elisworth, Carlton  
Evans, Leslie D.  
Evans, William C.  
Hargis, Gerald D.  
Hoekstra, John  
Kinney, Corp. C. B.  
Kolvoord, D. Benjamin  
Kolvoord, Paul  
Kolvoord, Lieut. Theodore  
Lippincott, Herbert  
Stockwell, Guy  
Tyrrell, A. Lee
- BEREA, W. VA.  
Brissey, A. G. Thurman  
Brissey, Grover S.  
Brissey, Reuben M.  
Brissey, William  
Davis, 1st Sergt. Arthur G.  
Maxson, Forest  
Maxson, Guy  
Sutton, Guy T.  
Sutton, Holley
- BERLIN, N. Y.  
Hull, Gerald W.  
Mosher, Floyd C.  
Tift, L. B.  
Vars, Jesse D.
- BOULDER, COLO.  
Irish, Glenn W.  
Jeffrey, W. M.  
Jones, Rev. Ralph Curtis  
Weaver, Charles  
Wing, Hubert B.
- BRADFORD, R. I.  
Newton, Harold S.
- BROOKFIELD, N. Y.  
Spooner, Malcolm G.  
Stillman, Lynn A.  
Todd, Sergt. Leon J.  
Worden, Dean
- CAMARGO, OKLA.  
Estee, James L.
- CHICAGO, ILL.  
Leach, Lieut. Floya Dewitt  
Platts, Lieut. Lewis A.
- DENVER, COLO.  
Crosby, Capt. Leonard G.
- DERUYTER, N. Y.  
Wing, Archie L.
- DODGE CENTER, MINN.  
Crandall, Ellery  
Daggett, Q. M. Sergt. C. S.  
Langworthy, Floyd E.  
Langworthy, Reginald  
Lewis, Clinton
- FARINA, ILL.  
Bassett, 1st Lieut. L. C.  
Bee, Charles  
Bond, Howard  
Clarke, John Milton  
Crandall, C. L.  
David, Marion  
Kelly, Kelso  
Rogers, Shirley Z.  
Seager, Harry Bernard  
Seager, Ross  
Smith, Clark
- FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.  
Fillyaw, Walter Judson
- FOUKE, ARK.  
Davis, Karl  
Sanders, Capt. J. Y., Jr.
- GARWIN, IOWA  
Ford, John P.  
Saunders, Ora E.  
Saunders, S. Perry  
Saunders, William M.  
Van Horn, Harold A.  
Van Horn, Harold E.
- GRAND MARSH, WIS.  
Babcock, Stephen
- GREAT KILLS, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.  
\*Randolph, Franklin Fitz
- HAMMOND, LA.  
Clarke, Charles G.  
Mills, Corp. Harold A.
- HARTSVILLE, N. Y.  
Ells, Cleon M.
- HARVARD, ILL.  
Maxon, Capt. Jesse G.
- HEBRON, PA.  
\*Hemphill, Harry
- HEBRON CENTER, PA.  
Hardy, Theodore J.
- INDEPENDENCE, N. Y.  
Clarke, Howard M.  
Kemp, Major Elmer
- LEONARDSVILLE, N. Y.  
Bennett, Ralph C.  
Coon, Corp. Leland A.  
Coon, Robert M.  
Dresser, M. A.  
Greene, Stuart Faye  
White, Ernest  
Williams, G. Grover
- LITTLE GENESEE, N. Y.  
Burdick, Harold L.  
Burdick, Lucian T.  
Burdick, Lieut. Phillip C.  
Burdick, Sidney D.  
Brown, William E.  
Clarke, Vergil  
Maxson, Leslie B.
- LOST CREEK, W. VA.  
Batten, James William  
Curry, John  
Davis, Edward  
Davis, Max H.  
Randolph, Brooks F.
- MARION, IOWA  
Ormsby, Elwood W.
- MILL YARD CHURCH, ENGLAND  
Richardson, 1st Lieut. Ernest  
Gilbert  
\*Richardson, 2d Lieut. Robert  
Harold  
Richardson, Corp. W. Albert  
Vane, George H.
- MIDDLE ISLAND, W. VA.  
Lowther, Corp. Chester  
Sutton, Eustace  
Willis, Clifford  
Willis, Harry  
Willis, Roy
- MILTON, WIS.  
Ayers, E. H.  
Babcock, Sergt. Laurance M.  
Berkalew, George  
Burdick, Allison  
Burdick, Clifford H.  
Burdick, Lieut. Paul  
Burdick, Corp. William D.  
Burnett, George C.  
Campbell, Howard  
Cartwright, Frank  
Cartwright, Leslie  
Clarke, William Aden  
Crandall, George H.  
Crumb, Fred  
Daland, Alexander K.  
Davis, Earl F.  
Davis, Ezra M.  
Davis, Elmer M.  
Dunn, 1st Lieut. Charles E.

- Ferguson, Glenn  
Fox, Howard  
Greene, Ralph  
Hall, Gregory  
Hurley, Francis H.  
Hurley, Lieut. George I.  
Hurley, Victor  
Kelley, Sergt. Albert L.  
Kumlien, L. L.  
Lanphere, 2d Lieut. Leo L.  
Maxson, Charles S.  
Maxson, Roland H.  
Nelson, Julius S.  
Oakley, Carroll F.  
Post, Charles E.  
\*Randolph, Kenneth  
\*Randolph, Paul  
Rasmussen, Orville  
Sayre, A. Gerald  
Stillman, Claire L.  
Stringer, L. H.  
Thorngate, Sergt. John H.
- Larkin, George  
Maxson, Esile  
Pierce, Earl  
Rood, Bayard A.  
Sayre, Walter D.  
Stillman, Archie L.  
Stillman, Clarence  
Thorngate, Arthur  
Thorngate, George  
Thorngate, John  
Thorngate, Walter  
Tucker, Henry A.  
Van Vorn, Beecher  
Van Horn, Dale R.  
White, George  
Wright, Everette
- CHILDERS, W. J.  
Davis, Courtland V.  
Davis, Capt. Edward, Surgeon  
Davis, Coral  
Davis, John Huffman  
Kelley, Sergt. Audra M.  
Randolph, Harold C.  
Sutton, Sergt. Earnest  
Swiger, Capt. Fred E.  
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Campbell, Francis E.  
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Harris, Lawrence F.  
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Randolph, Capt. J. Harold  
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Davis, Sergt. Walter H.
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Burdick, Russell W.  
Randolph, Elston Fitz  
\*Randolph, Forrest G. Fitz  
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Chipman, Lieut. Charles C.
- NILE, N. Y.  
Burdick, William J.  
Canfield, Paul C.  
Green, Paul L.  
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- NORTH LOUP, NEB.  
Babcock, Albert  
Babcock, Earl  
Babcock, Edwin J.  
Babcock, Iven  
Barker, Lieut. Frank M.  
Brannon, Riley U.  
Brown, Alex  
Burdick, Edwin  
Clement, Neil  
Davis, Frank L.  
Davis, Reed  
Eglesfield, Ralph  
Goodrich, Lorenzo G.  
Goodrich, Harold  
Hemphill, Paul H.  
Hurley, Elno C.
- OXFORD, N. Y.  
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Davis, Max H.
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Hunting, Elmer Leon  
Spicer, Harold W.  
St. John, Lieut. Milton W.  
Titworth, 1st Lieut. Sydney R.  
Weglau, Gustave H.
- PORTVILLE, N. Y.  
Hamilton, Sergt. Clinton
- RICHBURG, N. Y.  
Saunders, George W., Jr.
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Childers, Lieut. E. W.
- \*Died, January 12, 1918, at Camp Green, of cerebro-spinal meningitis.  
\*Killed in action on the Ypres Front, in France, November 6, 1917.  
\*Died, November 17, 1917, at Fort Sill, Okla., of cerebro-meningitis.  
\*Died at Spartanburg, S. C., April 29, 1918, of pneumonia.  
\*Died at Jackson Barracks, Mo., February 9, 1918, of measles and pneumonia.  
\*Died from wounds received in action on the Western Front, France.  
\*Died in France May 28, 1918, from effects of gas.  
\*Died at Ithaca, N. Y., of pneumonia, while in Students' Army Training Corps of Cornell University.  
\*Lost with U. S. S. Herman Frasch, October, 1918.  
\*Died at Camp Mills, L. I., of influenza.  
\*Died of wounds received in Battle, October, 1918.  
\*Died at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, October 6, 1918.  
\*Died at Alfred, N. Y., of pneumonia, while in Students' Army Training Corps of Alfred University.  
\*Died at Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., November 6, 1918.  
\*Died of pneumonia, September 18, 1918, at Boston, Mass.

## OUR WEEKLY SERMON

### THE TRUE PEACE

REV. AHVA J. C. BOND

*Text: But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid: for the mouth of Jehovah of hosts hath spoken it. Micah 4: 4.*

Micah was a contemporary of Isaiah, and both were younger contemporaries of Amos and Hosea. It was at this period of Israel's history that Hebrew prophecy reached its high-water mark of religious conviction and ethical teaching. These were men of knowledge and breadth of vision, and they possessed courage and conviction. Withal, they had a zeal and devotion which sent them through the country, flaming messengers of the divine evangel. They differed from each other both in temperament and in training, but were alike faithful in proclaiming the truths of Jehovah to a faithless people.

Isaiah was a man of the court, familiar with matters of government, and presenting the viewpoint of the statesman. Micah, like Amos, was a village dweller, and represented rural folk, and the viewpoint of the countryside. Both were men of vision, and were able to foresee because they had the ability to see. They were familiar with Israel's history, as their references to her past will abundantly prove. They knew also the conditions in the midst of which they lived. They saw and felt the relation of the past and the present to the future. Above all, they were able to see the purposes of Jehovah in the history of his people, could discern the trend of present events, and knew how to reprove, admonish and encourage their fellow-countrymen to the end that the Kingdom of God should come. While these men were very practical in their preaching, they were also dreamers. The mere dreamer is out of touch with his own age and can affect it but little; on the other hand, the man who *never* dreams but who lives in complete consistency with the thought of his own time can not carry his generation forward toward the higher

goal. The passage which I read and which gives us a picture of peace, vivid and sublime, and which is thrown in here in the midst of the prophet's denunciation of Israel's sin, gives ample evidence of his ability to dream of a better future.

This passage [Micah 4: 1-3] is found also in Isaiah. It is not likely that one copied from the other. It may be that both copied from an earlier writing. But whether original with Micah or not, it must be taken as an expression of his own sentiment, and as his picture of the future. The verse which I have chosen as my text is not found in Isaiah. It could be written only by one who is familiar with pastoral life, a lover of country scenes and of quiet haunts in vineyard and orchard. "But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid: for the mouth of Jehovah of hosts hath spoken it."

Our pulse-beat quickened day before yesterday as we excitedly passed the news along that Germany had surrendered; which would mean that the world was at peace. We held ourselves in reserve because there was some doubt in every mind as to the authenticity of the report, but there was given a foretaste of the joy that will flow from every heart when the news is confirmed that peace reigns in a world for four years torn asunder by war and bloodshed and carnage. "Peace!" How our hearts bound within us as we contemplate that glorious time which is drawing near. The day dawns. The black night in which the race has been engulfed is passing, the threatening cloud which settled down over our earth four years ago, and rolled steadily westward boding disaster and death, is being driven back, and soon we shall breathe a glad relief in the triumph of our arms in Europe. Then our boys will come back home; perhaps in the glad spring of next year, or in the fruitful summer time, or in the golden autumn. They will return, and with them we will sit down under our own vine and fig tree and none shall make us afraid. The hand of the cruel Hun will have been stayed, and the pall that has held us will have been lifted; the fear that has followed us day and night will have been taken away by the reassuring voice of our own loved ones at our side.

But words would fail a readier tongue

than mine in picturing the happy scene that will take place in a million American homes when normal conditions shall be restored in the return of an absent loved one. But if we are wanting in eloquence to describe such a happy condition, there is little need for such an attempt, for we are all so much a part of these experiences that each may be trusted to his own imagination to draw a picture that any words of mine would only mar.

Happy conditions, when a free nation, having freed the world from the dominance of an arrogant military autocracy, turns again to the pursuits of peace in the happy contemplation of the high service it has rendered to mankind. "They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid." And I dare to use in this same connection the third clause of the text, "For, the mouth of Jehovah of hosts hath spoken it." Conscious of the frailty of men, and cognizant that mistakes have been made, nevertheless I see in the Christian idealism of America, which has been interpreted by our noble President in messages so phrased that the nations of the earth will listen,—I see, in this, I say, the spirit of the Master,—and hear the voice of Jehovah God.

But my purpose this morning is not to lead you to reflect upon the blessings of national peace secured by the force of arms, except as such contemplation carries us to the consideration of our obligations in view of the changed conditions. The reign of Jesus Christ in the earth, and the peace of the Kingdom of Heaven, will not be secured by an armistice in Europe, or by Germany's signing the peace terms of the Allies, however wisely and judiciously such terms have been prepared. That event will simply mark the beginning of a new period in the progress of the Kingdom, and a new opportunity for the Christian Church. A bleeding and crushed humanity will wait the healing ministry of Christian benevolence, jealousy and hatred will need to be wiped away in the atoning blood of Jesus Christ, made more readily available through the vicarious sacrifice of our heroic soldiers. For I have no doubt those who have suffered most will be readiest to forgive. If the world is not lifted to a higher level following this baptism of fire and blood, then it will sink to a lower. If we get the notion

that by might we can set the world right, or if we breathe in the spirit of hate and revenge, then we may have defeated the Hun but he shall have captured us. To win this war and then lose our Christian ideals would be the greatest calamity of history. To secure the collapse of the false civilization which Germany thought to impose upon the world, then to clear away the debris and begin to construct upon solid foundation a new civilization after the pattern of Jesus, would be to make secure for all time the legitimate fruits of our sacrifice.

Among the hopeful signs of the times is the movement toward world prohibition, which the war has accelerated. Since the last election the boozeless States have been increased to thirty-three. And we look forward to a saloonless nation in the not distant future. Already an international organization has been established to promote the reform in other countries. The securing of a sober citizenship will go far toward the promotion of other needed reforms.

The proposed League of Nations, which has long been advocated by modern prophets of the Kingdom of Peace, is finding new and powerful advocates, not only in America, but in all lands. Again we believe our President is right when he, with other good Americans, refuses to give his approval to the formation of such a league until after the war. Then our enemy shall have an equal opportunity for membership with other nations. Not to give them this chance would be to continue the old system of forming rival alliances. Men are dreaming of a world-brotherhood, and they are not stopping there. They are agitating and advocating and educating and organizing to that end. These seem to be some of the outstanding moral by-products of this war. But let it be understood these movements have their roots in the past and are the fruits of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which is a Gospel of Peace. They are the legitimate outgrowth of Christian education, and can be ripened only under the fostering care of the Christian Church, and in the favorable atmosphere of the Christian home.

The war was the subject of conversation around the dinner table in our home some time ago, and the cruelty of the German Emperor was spoken of. Our five-year-



old, who had had no part in the conversation, put in with this unaffected statement, "The Kaiser ought to have been taught better when he was little." And she was right. How much evil and misery there is in the world because men have been wrongly taught. If Christian ideals are to be given our young people, and Christian principles inculcated in them, great responsibility rests upon the Home, and Church and School.

Allow me to quote from a pointed editorial in a recent issue of the *Continent*.

It is an essential element of war that it drains the power of nations. When this one ends, much of the world will be suffering from shell shock, the ponderous weight of the war having come down on it crushingly. Much of the world will not know exactly what is the matter. Where will it go to find out what the trouble is and what the cure of it may be?

There can be no discounting the helpful replies that will be given by diplomacy and international law and commerce and economics. Education and science and philosophy have something to say and should be heeded. The ultimate reply will need to strike a deeper note than any of them can sound. The trouble runs deeper than they move. What hurts in war is its up-tearing of fibers of humanity that lie at the vital center. It is religion that is most fully involved in the war. The message it has to bring is the one most obviously involved, both in its failure when war comes and in its service when war ends. It is by a sound intuition that more fault has been found with religion than with science or commerce in connection with this particular war. And it is by equally sound reasoning that religious leaders are gradually coming to see that it is exactly religion that has been most responsible for the war. It was mistaken religion that let Germany form its strange obsession out of which the war came. It was a religion of human brotherhood that made Great Britain restless in presence of the outrage of a small nation. It was religion that made America finally enter on its sacrificial and self-forgetful way. Reading the story in lighter terms is to miss its real meaning.

And it will be religion that will have the final word to say about what the cure shall be. Men need to know more, but they already know enough to see that their relations have gone wrong. More trade will help, wiser and franker diplomacy will help—anything will help that draws men together. But the final help must come from the changing hearts of men and spirits of men.

I wish to repeat two sentences which express my own conviction, and the conviction of an increasing number of Christian men and women everywhere. "It will be religion that will have the final word to say about what the cure shall be." "The

final help must come from the changing of hearts and spirits of men."

Like the prophets of old we are getting a world vision, and are reading every matter concerned with human welfare in world terms. As never before since Jesus went away, having commissioned his disciples to go into all the world with his Gospel, men are seeking to realize the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. This is in harmony with the prayer which Jesus taught his disciples, "Thy kingdom come"; and progress is made as we get his spirit of love and depend upon his method of contagion. We believe the church is right when it puts the emphasis on brotherhood, and seeks to include the world in that fraternal fellowship. But we must not forget that a brotherhood is made up of brothers. If we can make men brothers in spirit and in conduct the result will be a brotherhood. This is a thing that can not be accomplished in the mass, therefore, but one by one. This is bringing the reconstruction of the world to a religious basis, where we have said it must rest. The tremendous responsibility, therefore, that rests upon Christians, and the unparalleled opportunities which lie before them, call first of all for a serious and careful heart-searching.

I am not here to search hearts this morning. I am not fit for so delicate and sacred a task. But may we not all, preacher and people, approach the holy presence of our heavenly Master in the spirit of humility and penitence in order that we may experience his cleansing. There is a form of morbid introspection which does not make for spiritual health. But few of us in these stirring days are likely to err in going too far in that direction. As the unsettlement and upheaval of the world's nervous system is becoming evident, we need to pause and get our bearings. And this we can not do by merely looking around us. The world's standards are set up all about us. They are shutting out the light of heaven. We must look above them and into the face of Jesus or we shall be swamped in the passing pleasures and giddy infatuation of an unhallowed social life. I do not fear that we shall be dragged down by gross sin and debasing influences. We are too refined for that. I fear lest we shall lose our souls in a too amiable attitude toward life; one that will blind our eyes to its subtle

temptations. Paul gave safe counsel to the Thessalonians when he told them to avoid the appearance of evil. He set the standard for his own life where every Christian must set it when he said, "If meat cause my brother to stumble, I'll eat no meat while the world stands." That was the act of a brother. A community of people acting from such motives fulfils the prophecy of Micah concerning the Kingdom of Peace. Every life so lived is patterned after the life of Jesus and is helping to bring in his Kingdom.

I wish I were able to give our young people a vision of the world and its need as I see it. Let me read again, this time from the Red Cross magazine.

*Girls and boys of America, you are the hope of the world!* We have a rich country. We have not been touched by war. Not really touched by it. Not touched as Belgium and France and England have been touched, clutched, throttled, flung down by it! You who are ten, twelve, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen or seventeen now will, probably, not be closely touched by it at all. Your brothers may go to fight for freedom on the sea or in France; but you, Bill and Jack and George and Mary and Susan and Jane, will stay home, and do—what?

That's the great question. At bottom, it's the greatest question confronting this dear country of ours. At bottom, it's greater than any question of guns or money or potatoes or submarines or party politics—the question, in the nation's crisis is: What are you girls and boys of America going to do?

You can carry this responsibility and be glorious. You can throw it off, and be damned; but you can not ignore it.

*You are the hope of the world!* And are you, while your country strips for battle and your brothers prepare themselves to fight "for what America has always fought for—Liberty"—are you going on dancing and spinning on your ear and going to the movies and the music shows and loafing at street corners and reading the sporting page and dolling up your figure and your face? Or are you going to wake up suddenly to the emptiness and the ugliness of all this, and throw it aside, crying, "By crickets, there are big things in this world, and, by all that's clean in me and true in me and brave in me and American in me, I'm going out to find them and give my heart and soul to them and make myself a part of them so that, as far as I am concerned, the hope of the world shall be fulfilled!"

*Young America, what are you going to do?*

Parents need equally with their children a vision of the Kingdom that is to be. There is no more sacred duty for parents than to peer into the future with all the yearning of soul that God has given them, in order

that they shall be able to direct the feet of their children, not only in safe paths, but in paths of service. And such will be the paths of peace.

"But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid: for the mouth of Jehovah of hosts hath spoken it." As we look forward to a time of national peace, when families shall be reunited and normal conditions restored about us, let us not forget that true peace is a matter of the soul. If we have been joined in spirit to Jesus Christ, and are members of his Kingdom, nothing can sever that relationship or mar the joy we feel in his fellowship and in the fellowship of his followers. Here is a peace that stands every test of time. Not all the boys will come back when the war is over. Many a family circle will be broken never to be made whole again in this life. The peace of Jesus Christ and of the Father in Heaven enfolds the bereaved of earth in its comforting embrace. Those who have it here look confidently forward to its full fruition in the Kingdom of the Father, where there will be no night of sorrow, but the glory of the Lord shines undimmed through one eternal day.

*Salem, W. Va.,  
Nov. 9, 1918.*

#### Sabbath School. Lesson XI—Dec. 14, 1918

JOSEPH FORGIVES HIS BROTHERS. Gen. 45: 1-15.

*Golden Text.*—"If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you." Matt. 6: 14.

#### DAILY READINGS

Dec. 8—Gen. 45: 1-15. Joseph Forgives his Brothers.

Dec. 9—Gen. 43: 15-25. Joseph Entertains his Brothers.

Dec. 10—Gen. 43: 26-34. Joseph Feasts his Brothers.

Dec. 11—Gen. 44: 1-13. Joseph Tests his Brothers.

Dec. 12—Matt. 6: 5-15. Forgiving our Brethren.

Dec. 13—Col. 3: 5-17. A Forgiving Spirit.

Dec. 14—Luke 17: 1-10. Forgiving One Another.

(For Lesson Notes see *Helping Hand*)

We need to face the fact that the world can not permanently accept a religion which is smaller than life. To refuse to relate Christian truth to scientific truth, is to sign the death warrant of the faith.—*Lynn Harold Hough.*

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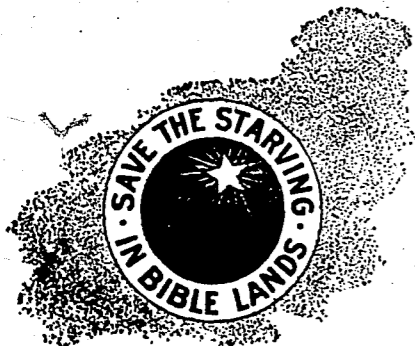
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The call of today to the followers of Jesus is not to undertake a new duty, but to fulfil an old one more adequately. Emergencies are arising that can be met only by an awakened educational conscience in the churches. I say "emergencies" advisedly, not in the heat of sudden alarm. I mean that a revival of religious education is the only means whereby certain fundamental forces can be prevented from undermining the churches, and thwarting, temporarily at least, the progress of the Christian religion in these United States.—Prof. G. A. Coe.

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REV. LESTER CHARLES RANDOLPH, D. D.  
1864-1918

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